The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1689 JUNE 4, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS

No. 4

If only you were here!

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"Pauling." Elastic-knit Bathing Suit with skirt attached. With low sun back. In white, black, royal, apple green or yellow. Sizes: 42 and 44 ins.

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THREE STAR
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Scotland's Choicest
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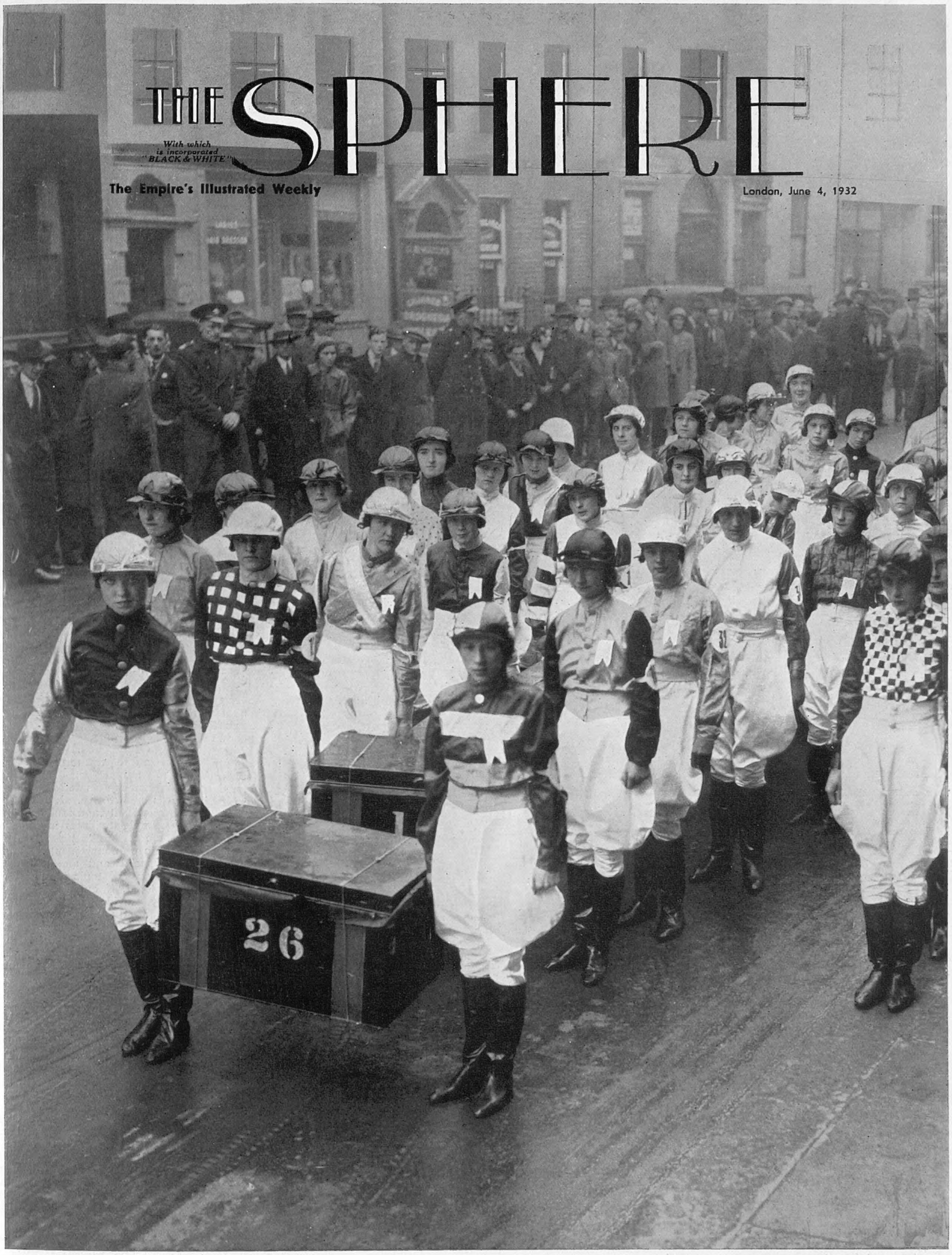
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 4, 1932



THE STREET OF FATE

Girls in Jockey Costume Parade through Dublin with the Cases of Counterfoils

If anything can displace the Derby from the enthralling interest it holds in the heart of every English man and woman, that thing is the Irish Sweep! The old phrase, "What are you doing for the Derby?" has given way to "Have you drawn anything in the sweep?" Dublin for a week at least is a city with a single mind. With an elaboration of pageantry reserved in other days for national or religious ceremonial, the counterfoils were escorted to the Plaza ballroom where, with military precision the six nurses, engaged in the draw, on the commands, "One—two—three," opened the porthole in the white and gold drum with the left hand; abstracted a ticket with the right hand; and closed the porthole again with the left hand. Then, via General O'Duffy, the counterfoil went to the auditors and thence to the staff, who acquainted the fortunate holders

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

A London New

"SHOOTING" STARS! Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, opened at Sidmouth, at the Norman Lockyer Observatory, a dome which houses a new instrument of unusual type—a remarkable camera composed of four Zeiss triplet lenses mounted and worked by clockwork in such a manner as automatically to follow through the heavens, for hours on end, the movements of any star to which it is directed. Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer is seen above with a portion of the new celestial camera

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 1, 1932.

THE KING.—This issue of THE SPHERE coincides with the King's sixty-seventh birthday, and as much for the sake of this distressed country and Empire as for the nation's devotion to his personal character, we wish him many, many happy returns of the day. Time runs on with silent foot along crimson carpet and cobbled alley. The heir to the throne is already on the threshold of the forties. And all thinking men who feel concern for our Constitution, our Empire, and our cherished institutions realize that Fate has granted us, in the most anxious era in our history, the ideal wearer of the symbol which binds our Empire together and the ideal heir to that symbol. The King is the ideal of a constitutional sovereign in this stage of the development of democracy. The Prince will not do better work for the country than he can do and constantly does as Prince of Wales. All personal considerations cut out, every subject of the King (none more so than the Prince) would pray that the sun might stand still over Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Sandringham, and Balmoral. For it so happens that from a constitutional point of view we cannot better the present association between the wearer of the symbol of Empire and the heir to that symbol. From the country's point of view no change could be a change for the better.

A TROUBLED REIGN.—King George has reigned twenty-two years, and into those years have been compressed national and constitutional troubles and anxieties (with their constant call on patience, restraint, statesmanship, and character) such as no other sovereign in history has been compelled to face. At the very moment when he was called to the throne, the estates of the realm were in the melting pot, and the new King was faced with an impossible dilemma. The Irish crisis followed hard on its wake, and led to those four unforgettable years of War. The thrones of Europe tottered and fell, a settlement inspired by vengeance rather than by penitence for the blind selfishness of the old diplomacy, led on remorselessly to the disintegration, partial or total, of almost all our established institutions, finance, industry, international credit, law and order, religion, society, civilization itself. There has been no surcease, no check, no breathing space. Yet one thing and one thing only seems to-day to link the old world with the new. One thing stands like a rock in the grey and changing sea of European politics—the throne of England stands where it did, seemingly more firmly established than at any time in its history since the brief period which followed the triumph over the Armada. If this is not an achievement and a personal triumph for King George, I know not what achievement is.

POOR MR. BALDWIN.—The art of statesmanship nowadays is to say nothing in an interesting, stimulating, dynamic way. In the happy days for statesmen, the days of Canning, Palmerston, etc., you said nothing anyway, at least outside the House. There was no Democracy clamouring for information as to your inward thoughts, no Reporters (not to be denied) insisting on a statement; no blackmailing constituents toying with votes. You sat in your office or country house and governed quietly, telling the nation to wait and see and be damned to it. Mr. Baldwin must envy those happy days. For his whole *raison d'être* nowadays seems to be to say nothing dynamically. That, of course, is the reason why broadcast speeches seem such lamentable bathos and bromide. Without the personal magnetism of a trained actor, empty lines are empty indeed. It is a problem for all Ministers to-day—how to reach that happy compromise which satisfies their constituents as intelligent voters entitled to information, and yet gives no handle to the Press. Mr. Ormsby-Gore apparently failed to achieve this happy recipe, and received (as on a former occasion Lord Wolmer) a mild, scholastic birching from the headmaster's deputy. One cannot help sympathizing with him. If you are careful not to be optimistic (not to cry Holloa!), you are drifting on a "wave of hysteria"; if, on the other hand, you congratulate the country on having come through a dangerous crisis, you are revealing a cynical indifference to or a criminal ignorance of the difficulties which still face the country. I fancy that puzzled look on Mr. Baldwin's face (which so delights the caricaturists) needs no explanation. He is forever saying "Trust the British public" and never, never practising what he preaches.

. . . .

Pity Mr. Baldwin, indeed. This is England's inspired and ideal publicity agent. He is the discoverer, the guardian, and the exhibitor of the grandeur that was England and the beauty that was Britain, and he watches powerless while these heirlooms melt away. It is his delight and privilege to praise and even flatter the British character and his duty perpetually to belie his words. "Sound at bottom, trust the Englishman," says he, with an apt quotation from cousin Kipling. And political necessity ordains that he must add in a whispered aside, "but not with the truth." He is cut out by nature to be provost of a great public school or president of a famous college, and the voice of duty within him compels him to retain the post of second master at a national Borstal institute. Put him on a bench smoking his pipe under the limes watching cricket on the village green and he melts into the English landscape. "Living he is the land, etc." But place him on a Treasury Bench watching anything but—cricket. . . . The truth is, I am jealous for Mr. Baldwin's reputation and for his opinion of *us*, the British public. I could wish that he had commented (if comment he must) on Mr. Ormsby-Gore's remarks in this sense: "The situation is still very grave; we have never concealed our opinion. Mr. Gore is entitled to his opinion of the extent of its gravity. For myself, *I trust the British Public not to give way to hysteria* when the facts are presented to it, however baldly." The British Public is all right. It is the stockbrokers who have so much time on their hands for "Russian scandal."

AXE AND TAX.—Inspired, if junior, Ministers have given the hint that an autumn budget—a supplementary composed of further cuts and increased taxes—may follow the Ottawa Conference. I don't know about cuts, but I am quite resigned to the probability of taxes. I believe there *is* a devoted band of M.P.s endeavouring to stimulate the Cabinet to face the ugly necessity for further public economy—taking in fact another £50,000,000 of blood-money from bedrock. What is unfortunate is that the obvious or least desiccated points of attack are by politicians in office the most dreaded. These are Education and Pensions. The former is the most raucous and strident victim, and the very mention of pensions-cuts turns Ministers' hearts to water and lends wings to votes. But cuts must come, serious cuts. The Lloyd George spirit of reckless public expenditure must die, and if Ministers won't begin at the top they must suffer the unpopularity of laying on the axe lower down. Here is a naked truth which has escaped the notice of Ministers in a dozen economy efforts since the War. In the years immediately preceding the War, a £2,000 post in the Civil Service was a rare plum. There existed about half-a-dozen such posts, and two plums (and only two) reached £2,500. But to-day in the Civil Service there are fifty £2,000-a-year posts, a score of £2,500, and quite a few of £3,000-a-year or more. While these basic salaries remain, it is small wonder if Ministers are nervous of imposing cuts which affect the small men and women. How can the existence of these vested interests be defended, unless we admit the ugly truth that Bureaucracy is triumphant?

A CONSIDERED JUDGMENT.—It is seldom that statements made or written in the white heat of anger remain unregretted by the author next morning. Mr. Justice McCardie's now famous public rebuke to his superior was no white-heat explosion. It was a "considered judgment" after several weeks of reflection or brooding. Yet the rebuke fell heaviest on Mr. Justice McCardie. For the public clings to the dignity and majesty of the judicial bench as one of two or three untarnished national institutions in a tarnished and iconoclastic age. It was a painful and regrettable incident, happily closed by the good sense and calmer reflection of Mr. Justice McCardie. It is not pleasant for a Judge of the High Court to be publicly snubbed by a judge of a superior Court. Lord Justice Scrutton in his reference to Mr. Justice McCardie in the Place case did not mince matters. He was both blunt and pointed. But it must not be supposed that he was alone in his dislike of the growing habit on the part of certain judges to make pronouncements on sociological problems from the bench. If counsel are well advised to stick to their briefs, so essentially are judges. Humanity and good humour consort well with judicial dignity and impartiality. It is very doubtful if whimsicality and exuberant humour are desirable attributes in a judge, but it is quite certain that pontifical and pedagogic pronouncements from the bench on social and moral tendencies and subjects of topical interest are to be deplored, if only for the reason that they provide such admirable copy for bored and not always reverent reporters. Justice should be felt and not heard. The last thing we want is to have our judges in the limelight. This unfortunate incident will have unexpectedly good results.

OXFORD PRESERVATION TRUST.—The Fifth Annual Report of the Oxford Preservation Trust is an admirable document. It is clear and scholarly, concise and full, good prose and good reading, and it provides food for thought. The achievements of this trust in the effort to save Oxford from vulgarity, vandalism, and misplaced commercial exploitation are very remarkable. If so much has been accomplished in Oxford, why cannot similar bodies all over England do as much? It is fair, first of all, to say that Oxford is a very special heirloom, that very remarkable men have given their services to the trust, that large donations have been given it by the Pilgrim Trust and by donors famous and anonymous, and that in a good year it may receive donations and subscriptions of £12,000 and more. But I am not concerning myself here with the bigger achievements (accomplished by the power of money, authority properly directed, and determination), the properties and pieces of ground acquired or liberated from vandalism, to secure to Oxford in perpetuity her green belt and her matchless views. I want to stress what similar bodies, properly composed, *can* do, without large resources, but solely by the exercise of tact and good will in the creation of good taste among their less enlightened neighbours. For

sletter

it is not malice but sheer ignorance or thoughtlessness which is destroying the beauty of England.

. . . .

I quote, therefore, this small item from the report:

"The Donnington Trustees . . . have with great consideration moved a new barn . . . from the site where it would have blotted out the most beautiful part of a distant view of Oxford, and have erected it in a place where the structure does not impair the amenity of the neighbourhood."

Now that is the sort of thing which appointed trustees in every beauty spot of England can and ought to do, without money, and merely by creating good will and teaching good taste as only educated men using tact and patience can do. By these means petrol pumps could be shifted at Tintern, tin shacks and hoardings from a hundred lovely ruins, villages, and greens all over England. I hope the Oxford Preservation Trust's report will be widely studied and its policy and methods as widely imitated.

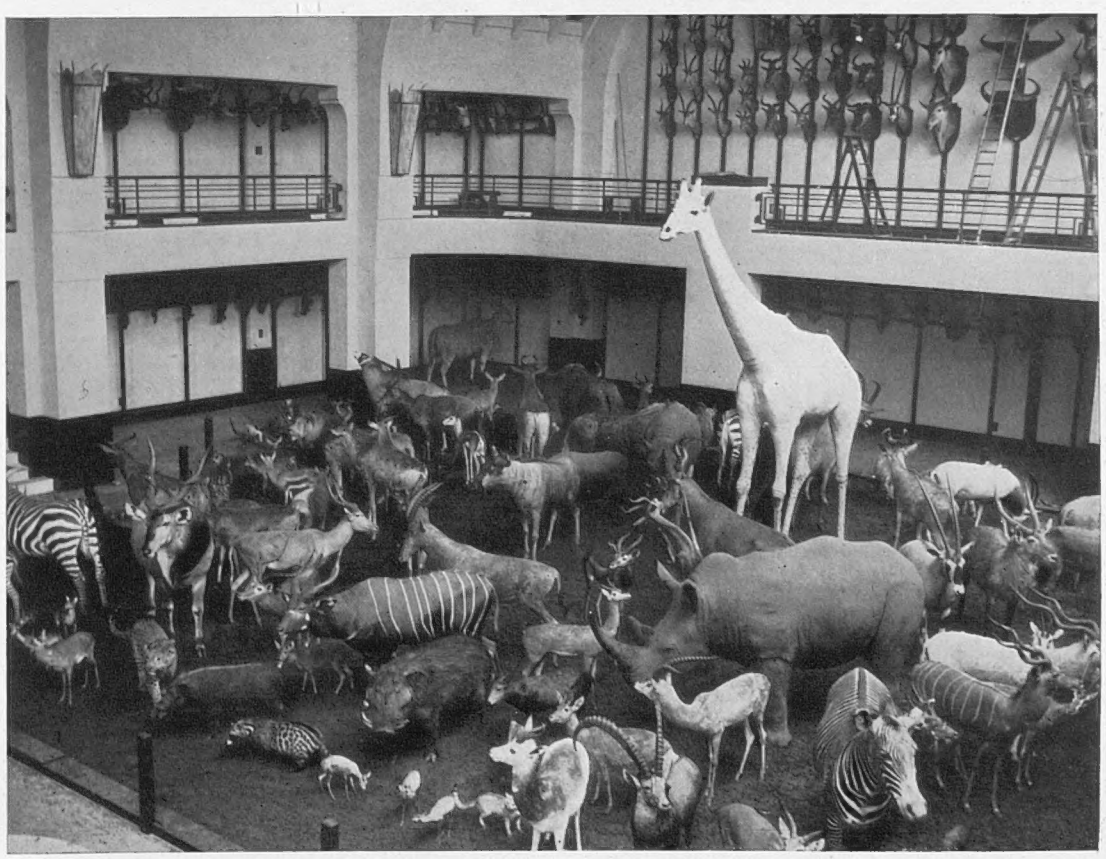
PLEASURE AS USUAL.—Business is certainly not as usual. But with the courage so typical of our race, we have adopted the next best slogan, "Pleasure as usual." There is money to burn still; the money which in good economic times goes back into sound businesses, finds its way into the pockets of luxury merchants. Pleasure cruises pay; good drama pays; fashionable restaurants manage to still find clients willing to pay 30s. for a 10s. bottle of champagne; certain types of literature, beloved of the wider class of the reading public, are found still worth while to publish; there is always money and to spare for any off-chance of a fortune; and charity or public balls, which the Nobs adorn, are always sure of middle-class support. Derby week, which is the culmination of the first part of the London Season, has proved once more that money abounds if the promise of pleasure is sufficiently alluring. The Derby crowd was not a record, but it was not noticeably meagre. The Derby balls and junketings were largely attended, and everywhere money flowed freely. The newly appointed Lotteries Commission used its eyes and ears and doubtless realize how large and important bulks the right to gamble in public life to-day. This feverish form of Hope is indeed the petrol which keeps the human machine going. Ninety per cent. of the nation hitches its broken and jolting wagon to this Star of Hope, the distant prospect of making a fortune. The Blue Ribbon of the turf has been bestowed, the lucky ones have been acclaimed and interviewed and photographed. And the rest have turned their thoughts to Ascot. Thereafter comes Wimbledon, Henley, the Air Pageant and the Lord's week—all luxury events, all (if we get anything more like summer than the recent farce of May) sure of support. Thus wags the world—but what will Posterity say?

A GREAT MAN.—I did not draw well—which, at the time of going to press, is short for "I did not draw Orwell." But I am not entirely cut off from the great romantic dramas of Derby Week. As a youth I rubbed shoulders with one of the heroes of this week, Mr. Beyfus, K.C. I am not going to draw a long bow to make extravagant claims. I was not intimate with Mr. Beyfus. We were undergraduates of the same college, we sat side by side in lecture rooms, common room, and hall. I must often have passed him mustard. I had great opportunities for studying his characteristics. I might even have made a collection of his autographs. But I was a diffident youth. I missed my chance. And here is a curious thing. By industry, ability, and drive Mr. Beyfus has gone far in his profession. Often and often the papers must have quoted Mr. Beyfus's triumphs and *bons mots* in the courts. Mr. Beyfus has long since "arrived." Yet from the time I left Oxford until yesterday, I have never read, heard, or thought of Mr. Beyfus. And now he bisects the spot-light and his name is on every tongue. His portrait carries me back a quarter century and more, and I see the undergraduate resolutely fitting himself to meet with calmness and dignity his great destiny. Alas for industry! It brings no fame. But a dazzling bit of luck yields fortune, fame, and popularity at a birth.

THE OLD STAGER.

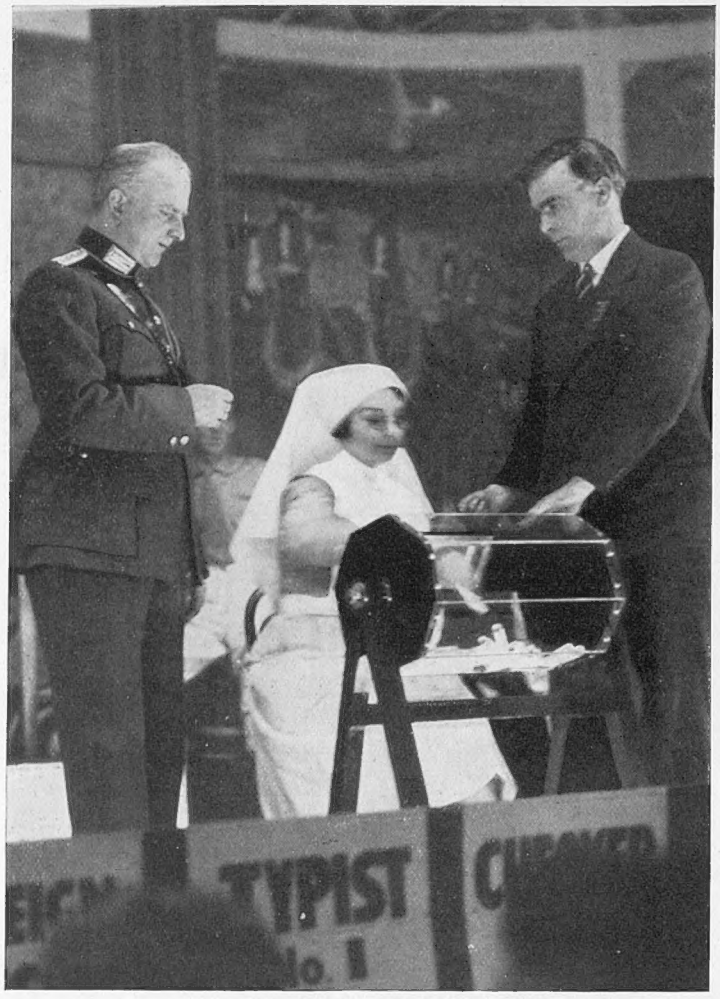
ROYALTY ALSO FINDS "VARIETY" THE SPICE OF LIFE: The King and Queen at the Palladium, where they enjoyed the Command Performance in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund. Established favourites such as Cicely Courtneidge, Naughton and Gold, Jack Hylton, and Flanagan and Allen appeared, while other turns were Billy Danvers, Levanda, and Stetson, the juggler. Old timers contributed to the evening, among whom were the veterans, Vesta Victoria and Harry Champion. To play patriotic airs, Jack Hylton collected eighty unemployed musicians

LONDON'S NEW SHOW BOAT, organized by the P.L.A. to take trips through the Docks and the Pool, was inaugurated on Monday with a cocktail party at which 500 "notables" of various spheres were present. In the evening the Show Boat is used as a floating restaurant and dance hall and runs a nightly cabaret show throughout the summer. *On right* Miss Bromson and Miss Gerard are seen drinking success to the enterprise

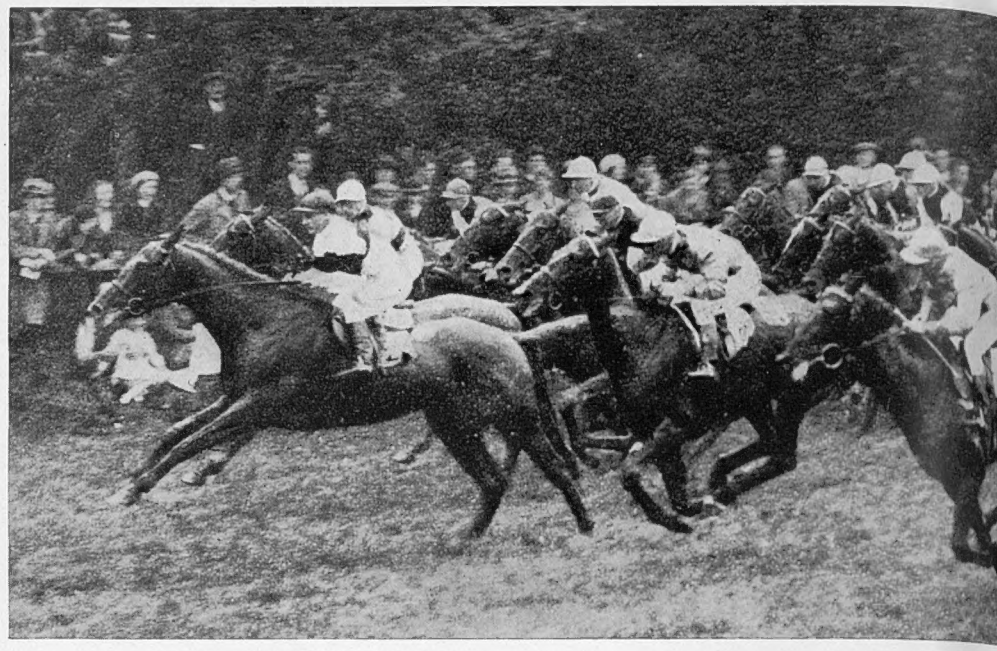


THE "DEAD ZOO" RE-GROUPED: 200 wild animals at the British Museum (Natural History)—more commonly known as the Natural History Museum—have been taken out of their glass cages, and range the common arena in the New Whale Room. It is now colloquially termed the "Still Life Whipsnade"! The animals are grouped geographically, with the result that the lion lies down with the lamb—or at least stands amiably by the gazelle!

"APRIL THE FIFTH" WINS the



THE FIRST TICKET drawn from the drum handed to General O'Duffy, the Irish Chief of Police, by the nurse who abstracted it from the great white and gold drum in which over 8,000,000 counterfoils were revolved

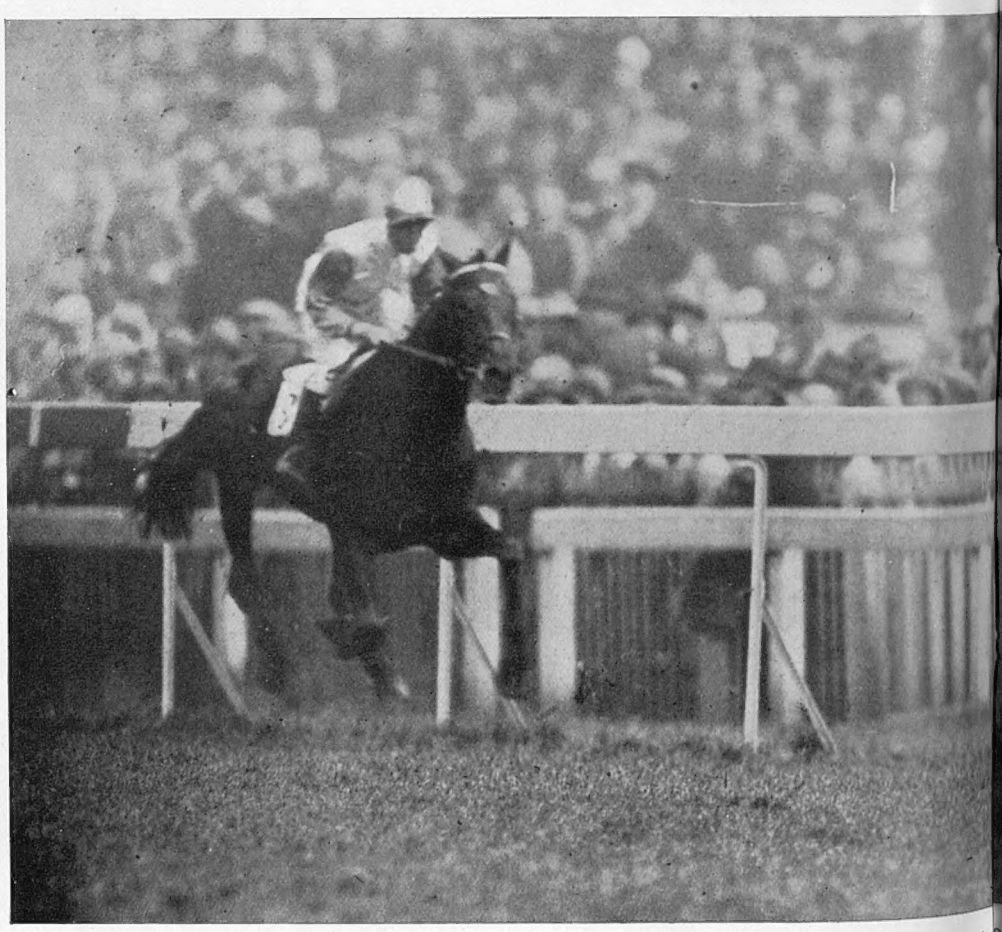


THE FIRST FIGHT FOR POSITION: The field bunched together in the early part of the race befor there was a different story told. A group of three without a length between them led the field of horses were to be seen. The vaunted

TATTENHAM CORNER: At this point *Portofino* and *Firdaussi* were leading, but when they turned in ended by *April the Fifth* winning by three-quarters of a length, an

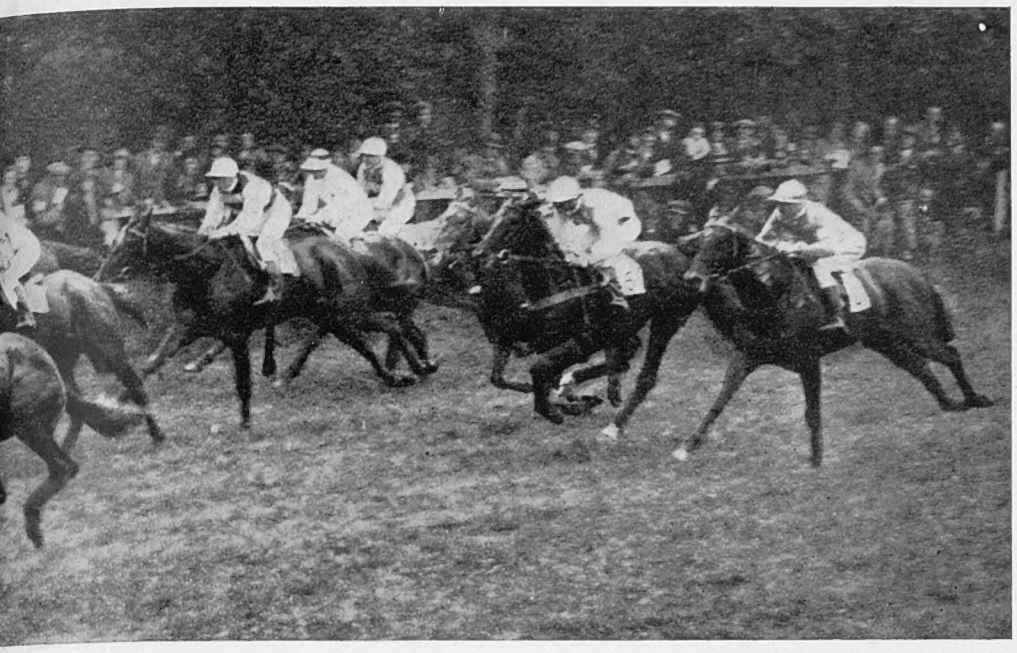
BOGGED: A motor show-van *en route* to Epsom discovered the Downs not unlike a morass, and they had to be assisted up the slippery tracks. The going this year was on the heavy side as some of the twenty-one runners found to their cost

"THE OLD FIRM!" A typical vignette of the course. "Money returned on all non-runners"



THE FINISH: April the Fifth (owned by Mr. Tom Walls, trained by himself; F. Lane up) won by three-quarters Rosebery's *Miracle* (H. Wragg up and trained by J. Jarvis). *Dastur's* price was 18–1; *Miracle's* 100– of legs shows that there are actually three in the group. This Derby is notable not only for th the fact that the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke an

DERBY of 1932: Mr. Tom Walls, the Theatrical Patron of the Turf, Wins His First Blue Riband of the Turf



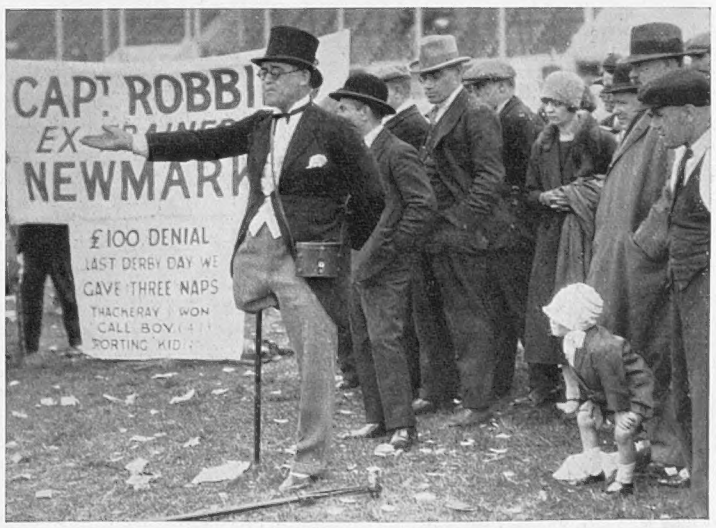
he trees had been left behind. The field got away to a good start, but by the end of the mile-and-a-half *Royal Dancer* and *Firdaussi* followed after a good deal of daylight; while behind them again a bunch nvincible *Orwell*, placed ninth, proved unable to stay

he straight *April the Fifth*, *Dastur*, and *Miracle* improved. A good race home between these three a short head between *Dastur* and *Miracle*. The time was 2 min. 43 sec.

of a length at 100–6 from the Aga Khan's *Dastur* (trained by Frank Butters and ridden by M. Beary) and Lord The three horses (1, 2, 3) are seen bunched on the right; it looks as if there were only two, but a count shortest-priced Derby favourite (*Orwell* 5–4) since Lord Rosebery's *Cicero* (4–11) in 1905; but also for Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, and Lord Harewood were present

MORE THAN IRISH HEARTS TURN TO DUBLIN! The counterfoils drawn by the nurses handed to General O'Duffy. The excitement engendered by the Irish Sweep has almost eclipsed that occasioned by the Derby itself!

THE GIPSIES ON THE DOWNS still lend their touch of colour and romance to the Epsom scene despite endeavours made in the interests of orderliness. Their traditional rights were saved by Lady Eleanor Smith and Commander Locker-Lampson



"WHO GAVE YOU ——": Captain Robbins, the well-known ex-trainer and tipster, gets off his patter

The Centenary of the REFORM BILL

The Bonfires that Greeted the Abolition of Corruption in the Election of the Legislature have long since Burned Out; for the Nominations of the Great Gentry were Largely on Merit and such Parliamentarians as Gladstone, Pitt, Peel and Burgoyne owed their Election to Privilege. To-day Vote-Catching Stultifies Statesmanship, and Vested Interest a Clear Conscience

By GEORGE EDINGER

Just one hundred years ago—to be precise it was on June 7, 1832—King William IV gave his royal assent to a Bill "for correcting divers abuses that have long prevailed in the choice of Members of Parliament." And for a few weeks England went mad.

The country was full of blaring bells and blazing bonfires. Schoolchildren paraded the streets shouting "The Bill is passed," though what the Bill was and where it was passed they had not the slightest notion. In Leicester 3,000 citizens sat down to a public banquet of real old English fare—roast beef and plum pudding with good ale or porter at 2s. a head, and in London the Iron Duke barred his house with iron shutters.

The passing of the Reform Bill was hailed as the dawn of a new epoch. It was, so the promoters said, "An end to Party strife and corrupt politics." It would "restore the purity of the Saxon constitution." It would "pay off the National Debt." It was, Macaulay said, "A Bill to bring the legal order into harmony with the natural, to reconcile and to unite, to be final in the only rational sense of the word final."

The act to which Macaulay gave such a stamp of finality extended the right to vote to tenants in the counties where it had previously been confined to 40s. freeholders. It also fixed it at the uniform qualification of £10 of rateable property in the boroughs, where it had varied from place to place, and thus incidentally it took it away from the working classes in those places where they had hitherto enjoyed it.

It gave the vote to 640,000 people instead of to 430,000, and it transferred over a hundred members from decayed boroughs to the new manufacturing towns. "The people desire it because they expect it will relieve them of their distress," said Macaulay. "They expect relief; I doubt not that they shall find it."

The most immediate "relief" was the end of the "divers abuses." Set out at their worst and objectively considered they were very grave abuses. The system had been unchanged since the time of Henry VI, so fifty-six Boroughs, abolished by the Bill, had an electorate of under 2,000 each. In fact, one of them could muster only six voters altogether. Some seats were bestowed by patrons who commanded every vote in them—others were purchased by auction at so much for each elector.

Out of 513 English M.P.'s 300 owed their seats to 162 patrons, while twenty-two large towns including Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds (being unknown to the Plantagenets) were not represented in Parliament at all.

A great deal could be made of such glaring incongruities, in fact a great deal has been made of them ever since. That every county should have two members whether it was Yorkshire or Rutland, that the Droitwich electors should vote by reason of their share in a brine pit that had been closed for two centuries, that Dunwich should return a member although it had fallen into the sea and that another should sit for the grass mound at old Sarum, could not seem anything but comically unjust to a logical posterity a hundred years away.

Logically indeed no one could defend a system that allowed a few wealthy individuals to nominate a majority of the national assembly.

But the fact remains that that system worked. The grass mound at Old Sarum may have been idiotic, but it returned the younger Pitt. It is doubtless unjust that a few magnates should choose representatives for a whole people, but that does not alter the fact that they chose them well. Much was made of the Duke of Newcastle's undue influence, but it was thanks to that influence that Chatham and Gladstone got so easily into the House of Commons. One might even ask whether without it they would ever have got there at all, or having got there, remained. Pitt owed his election to a Cambridge friend, the Duke of Rutland; Gladstone to an Oxford one, the Earl of Lincoln.

Walpole and Pelham, Fox and Pitt, Canning and Peel, Eldon and Macaulay, these men sat for rotten boroughs, and if it was the interest of the borough owners that they should be returned it was certainly the interest of the nation as well. And these old-time statesmen, although they felt a certain shame about the places they represented, realized that a noble patron might appreciate their virtues better than a democratic electorate. Grey, the pioneer of reform, could sit for Appleby after he had been defeated in Northumberland; Sheridan found a haven at Ilchester when Westminster turned him down; Peel, rejected by Cambridge University, was returned for the little borough of Westbury. But Asquith and Masterman, Griffith Boscawen and Arthur Henderson did not get to the House so easily nor so readily find a substitute when their constituencies turned against them. It is an irony of fate that those fervid champions of democracy, the Liberals, should have suffered the most at its hands. The "divers abuses" have crept back.

The Borough mongers are with us again. Chief among them are the big Trade Unions. According to the *Labour Party Year Book for 1931*, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain appointed forty members to the last Parliament, holding seven seats in Durham and ten in South Wales. They were all in constituencies which, barring such landslides as that of 1931 (and the Welsh seats withstood even that) they could count upon as surely as ever the Duke of Newcastle or the Duke of Bedford could reckon on his boroughs. By the same token the Transport and General Workers' Union paid for twelve while the Co-operative movement in the words of the Year Book "employed" fourteen constituency agents in England and two in Scotland "on their own financial responsibility," whence it may be safely deduced that they employed the candidates as well.

It is questionable perhaps whether the Miners' Federation or the Co-operative Wholesale Society is a better medium for the appointment of a Member of Parliament than the Duke of Newcastle or the Duke of Bedford. If we take for our criterion the intellectual calibre of the respective nominees the new order does not show up well, for the magnate chose a member for his brilliancy, while the Union generally selects him for his age and long service; a kind of testimonial or pension at someone else's expense. And if we compare the freedom allowed by a nineteenth century magnate with that accorded to its M.P.s by a twentieth century Union, the palm undoubtedly goes to the past and not to the present.

The old patrons of pocket boroughs certainly expected their nominees to share their views. But the practice when a difference of opinion arose was for the member to resign his seat. It was not then considered honourable for him to vote against his convictions, as is the case to-day with so many members who plead that they sit to voice the views of their constituents and not of themselves. The conditions exacted by the owners of rotten boroughs were not irksome. Sir James Lowther, who expected his nine M.P.s (his nine pins they were called) to obey his fiat as a modern member would the party whip, was exceptional. When Lord Shaftesbury returned his brother for Melcombe Regis in 1705, it was "without taking from him the condition of a free man." Lord Derby exerted his influence for General Burgoyne at Preston in 1768 "with free leave to speak his mind," and it was on the same terms that Herbert sat for Lord Sackville's borough at East Grinstead. Lord Clive gave Sir John Wedderburn a written promise that he should be free and uncontrolled when he gave him Bishop's Castle. The disinterested conduct of many borough owners was quixotic. For instance, the Radical Earl of Radnor conferred his pocket borough of Downton on a member who promised to vote for its disenfranchisement.

If such cases be exceptions, they are exceptions that could not be paralleled by the conduct of a modern trades union towards its nominees. "We expect the Labour Party to do as we ask them," said Mr. A. B. Swales, speaking for the T.U.C.

The conduct of the N.U.R. towards Mr. Thomas and of the Miners' Federation to the Notts Miner member, Mr. Spencer, who ventured to oppose the Federation policy, is eloquent. And compared with the undertakings of men like Lord Sackville and Lord Radnor the constitution of the Labour Party is illuminating.

"At a parliamentary by-election a duly-endorsed Labour candidate shall submit his election address to the National Executive Committee for approval," it says, and "No person may be selected if he does not accept and conform to the Constitution, Programme, Principles, and Policy of the Party or does not accept and act in harmony with the standing orders of the Parliamentary Party." (*Labour Party Year Book for 1931, p. 251.*)

It was often urged that membership of the unreformed House was impossible for any but a rich man. The purchase of seats was certainly scandalous, though more because of the unashamed way in which it was carried on than by reason of its actual existence, which still obtains. A book was to be had setting out the price of seats and the cost of votes. Nominations for Honiton, Milborne Port, and Reading were actually offered by advertisement in *The London Chronicle* (December 26 and 29, 1767), and in *The New Advertiser* for the following year under the head, "Some borough that will come cheap." *The Morning Chronicle* in 1807 contained an offer of £1,400 a year for a "convenient borough." The cost of a seat had steadily advanced since the middle of the previous century, and in 1832 an average of £6,000 was exacted for a safe one, unconditionally held for the life of a Parliament.

It is a temptation to look at these things through the eyes of 1932 and find them horrifying. But to the men of 1832 a vote was a form of property which, like any other possession, had its value in the open market. Actually the sums paid for close boroughs were not greatly in excess of those now demanded by most Conservative Associations in safe seats south of Nottingham, and rather less than is expected by one in the Home Counties or the dormitory constituencies of London. The last two Conservative seats that fell vacant, South Oxfordshire and Dulwich, were stated to require £600 and £1,000 a year respectively from their candidates. To the former there attached the further stipulation that the member should reside in the constituency. In this respect Liberal Associations, with decidedly less to offer, are somewhat more grasping. A Cornish or Welsh seat usually demands that the Liberal candidate shall bear the entire expenses of his campaign, though his return is by no means a foregone conclusion.

There are, of course, honourable exceptions. Tewkesbury for the Conservatives, Huddersfield for the Liberals, spring readily to mind, but there were exceptions even in 1832.

Many of the opponents of the Reform Bill had forebodings which were exaggerated and falsified by the facts. But one of them is interesting to read after a century of democratic Parliaments. Henry Hallam, the Constitutional historian, himself an ardent Liberal, deplored it on the ground that it would deprive members of their independence and do away with a balanced judgment. M.P.s he argued, would never dare to set the ultimate good of the nation above the immediate claims of their constituency. One recalls Mr. Lloyd George in his framing of the Versailles Treaty. In a moment of enlightenment he perceived the ultimate folly of crippling a member of the European family of nations from a momentary feeling of hatred and passion for revenge. Yet the outcry of a section of the Press, backed by a memorial from certain jingo M.P.s on whom he depended for his majority, drove him back to his "make Germany pay" attitude for which the whole world is paying to-day.

If a Prime Minister and one who, whatever his faults, certainly never wanted courage, is thus to be deflected from his better judgment in things as vital as the settlement of Europe, one hardly likes to think what a humble back bencher will do with his conscience on minor matters like a Sunday cinema.

The world was not settled that way after the Napoleonic Wars. The team Great Britain sent to meet the Talleyrands and the Metternichs did not owe its place to popular election, and it was certainly not "representative." On the other hand, not having to study the art of winning and holding their seats, its members had had the time to learn something about Europe and something about history. There is no record of Castlereagh asking where Teschen was, nor of Canning confusing the name of a place with the title of a General. Therefore, these men were incapable of breaking up the economic unit of France as their successors destroyed Austria, nor did they so far defer to popular emotion as to sow Europe with a lasting dissent, impose financial commitments bound to end in ruin, or preserve the idiotic position of an array of over-armed Powers confronting a number of forcibly disarmed neighbours on a top-heavy Continent. They did not, it is true, profess any great regard for democracy or self-determination. On the other hand their efforts in that direction did not lead to a series of dictatorships. They may have acted with a cynicism and a desire to preserve the privileges of their own order, but they had studied their task, as their families had done before them, possibly as far back as Henry VI. So although they never claimed to be representative (they would probably have said that such a claim, seeing how popular emotion changes, can never be true of any assembly a week after it is elected) they did claim to be competent. They held that a Member of Parliament must be an expert. They would have told us that to make an engine driver an M.P. was to court disaster as surely as to make an M.P. an engine driver; but they would not, one feels, have brought us to the pass where we find ourselves to-day.

A hundred years have passed and every journal, Conservative as well as Progressive, is celebrating, albeit with a certain diffidence, the hundredth anniversary of the Great Reform Bill. It would be ungenerous to deny the disinterested motives of its promoters. They acted for the best—saved Britain perhaps from a revolution. The system of Henry VI was quite unsuited to the days of William IV. Yet some will argue that the system of William IV does not quite meet the demands of the days of George V, and others may say that Parliament has not precisely increased in the public esteem since it became "representative." And all of us, in 1932, while paying our tribute to the reformers of 1832, are tempted to grow philosophical over their enthusiasm and to shake our heads at the confidence with which they claimed to have reached a goal that should be "final in the only rational sense of the word final."

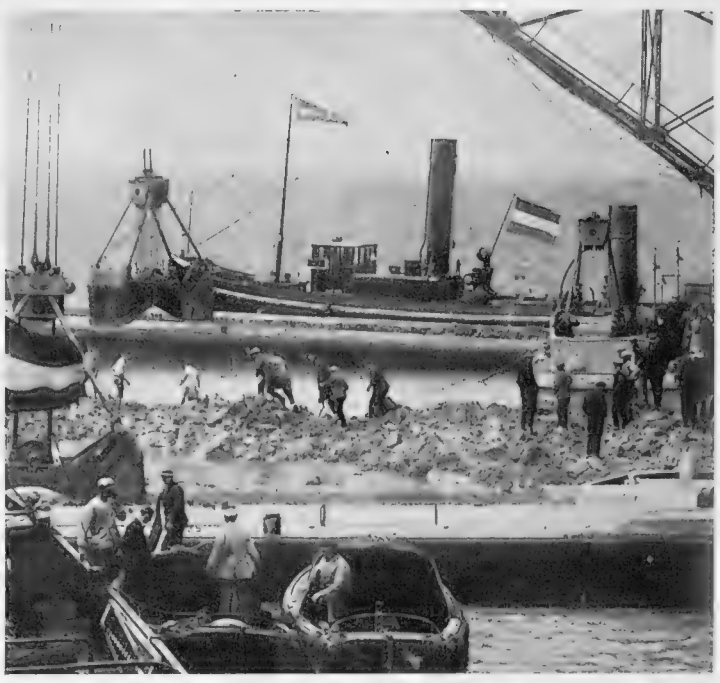
TRAGEDY on the HIGH SEAS: S.S. "Georges Philippar"

BLAZING IN THE RED SEA: S.S. *Georges Philippar*, aflame at bow and stern, caught by a camera eight hours after the alarm was given and several hours after the ship had been abandoned by passengers, crew, and officers

FROM THE RESCUE SHIP, *S.S Mahsud*, this picture of the flaming *Georges Philippar* was taken. A boatload of survivors can be seen pulling hard for the British vessel

SURVIVORS of the ill-fated *Georges Philippar*, the French luxury liner which caught afire in the Gulf of Aden. This fortunate quintette were photographed on board the rescuing vessel, S.S. *Mahsud*. There was no time to don adequate clothes when the alarm was given

A VICTIM OF TERRORISTS? S.S. *Georges Philippar* heeling over; the roar and crackle of burning woodwork came across to the *Mahsud*. It is authoritatively stated that there are grounds for belief that the tragedy could not be styled "act of God," for the voyage had been characterized by several unusual happenings such as an alarm sounding and a tank of chemical extinguisher being emptied. The tale of disaster numbers ninety-one



THE CLOSING OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

Zuyder Zee ceased to exist at 1 p.m. last Saturday and became Lake Ijsel, for the great dyke separating it from the North Sea, work on which was inaugurated in 1927, has now been completed. The length of the embankment is 18½ miles; it is 120 ft. wide at the top, 400 ft. at the base. A roadway 100 ft. wide runs along the top, and a double railway line will keep up communication between North Holland and the Frisian Coast. *On left*—the scene just before the closing of the dyke; *on right*—the first group to walk across it

THREE Outstanding ITEMS in the NEWS of the WEEK

SPECTACLE AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

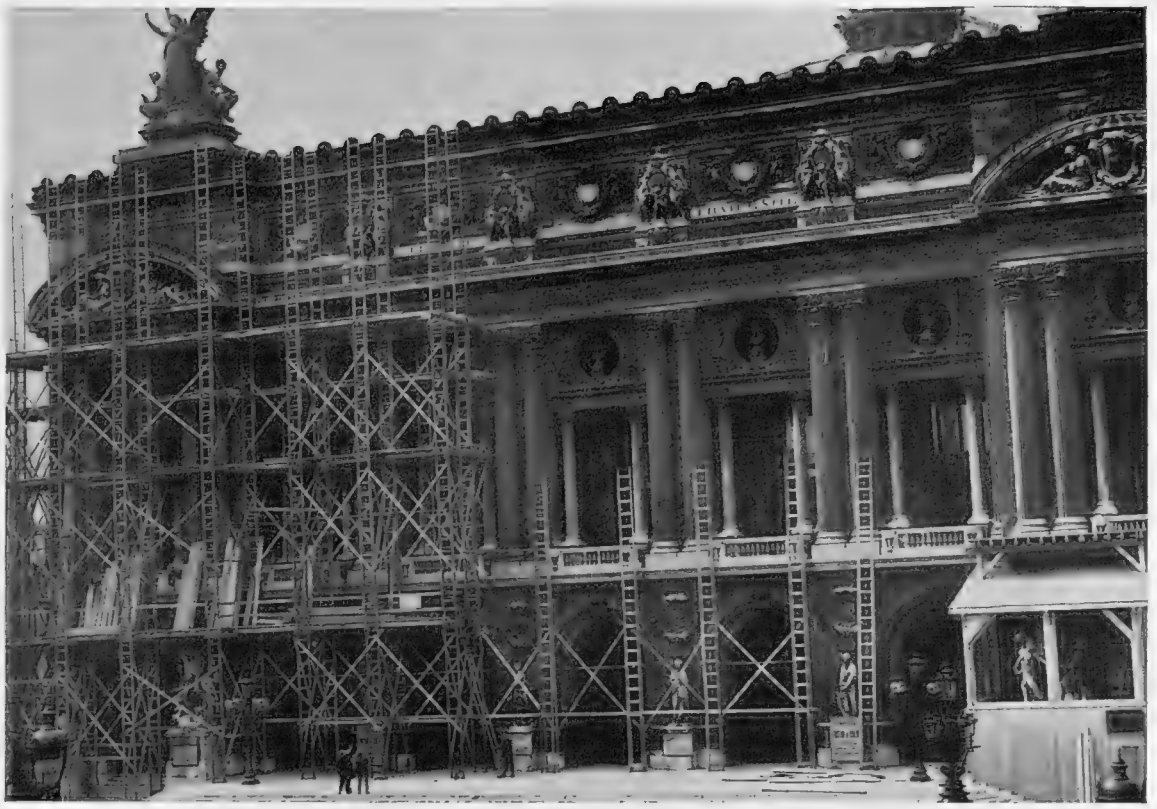
In addition to the musical rides, the moving of guns, the fanfare of massed bands, and the annual "set piece," this popular entertainment at Olympia presents evolutions that hinge entirely on precision and accuracy of human endeavour. Of such, the physical training display given by the R.A.F. ranks highest. Above two human propellers are revolving at the double

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

Sir Ian Colquhoun of Luss, Lord High Commissioner, now in residence at Holyrood, held a Levee at the Palace and opened the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. Sir Ian is seen *on left* on the throne performing the ceremony; *on right* Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart, the Earl and Countess of Elgin, and the Earl and Countess of Stair are seen going in

From the WORLD

THE PROTECTOR of the French President's safety, M. Morard, who has been put in charge of the bodyguard escorting President Lebrun



SUMMER CLEANING: A State subsidy has been granted to clean the Paris Opera House, which has not been done over for many years. A peculiar form of scaffolding is seen above erected in readiness for work to begin. The famous statue on the right is protected by a cage specially built round it

HOMEWARD BOUND: Mrs. Fortescue with Lieut. and Mrs. Massie, the defendants in the Honolulu trial, play shuffleboard *en route* home from the scene of their agony

THE PREMIER OF FRANCE: M. Herriot, the Socialist, who defeated the Conservative machine candidate, M. Tardieu. It was thought that the Doumer outrage would evoke a reaction to the right, but the swing was definitely leftward

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, holder of the world's speed record, in conversation with the ex-Crown Prince of Germany at the International Adac motor races on the Avus track. The ex-Crown Prince enjoys great popularity with many sections of Germany to-day

THE VICE-REGAL GARDEN PARTY: H.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad greeting Lord and Lady Willingdon who have done so much in the last few months to restore British prestige in India. The scene is laid in one of the big garden courts of rhe new Delhi

FRANCO-GERMAN ANOMALY:

SAARBRÜCKEN.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that getting on for fourteen years after the War ended, there still exists what is little less than occupied territory, 300 miles from London as Imperial Airways fly. Moreover, we are likely to hear quite a lot about this occupied territory in the near, perhaps immediate future, since it figures high up in the Hitlerian programme of Germany's refinding of herself once more in the world. Already Hitler's young men are beginning to throw themselves about locally—they have attacked French Customs officials two or three times—while the German nationalist newspapers are sustaining a chorus, clearly inspired, of "*We want the Saar back before 1935!*"

The Saar. Do you remember the Saar? The post-War generation probably knows nothing at all about it, and doesn't want to. Yet the Saar may well constitute a vital cog in that generation's future, looking at things from the point of view of European appeasement (chances of). And how not so? Did not a President of the United States beckon his vessel to Brest and prepare to leave the European peacemakers to themselves, because of the Saar? Did not Mr. Lloyd George—who comes best out of the Saar, with only one mistake—did not L. G. actually have to interpose his Gallic little self between Georges Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson, because of the Saar? Did not the entire Peace Conference come near crumpling and becoming a Foch Conference in April, 1919, because of the Saar? The French having grown so hypnotized by its wealth and strength that they cared not for their word of "no annexations," given by Briand in 1917, and fought and struggled to clutch the precious territory? The Saar! Well may we talk about the Saar again now; now that rudest economics are hastening the tempo of events so.

IRONY: The coal-fields of Lens, in return for whose destruction by the Germans during the War, the Saar mines have been ceded to France no matter who owns the Saar territory. The Lens fields are now yielding more than they did in pre-War days

ACHIEVEMENT: An overhead view of Lens to-day now that its production exceeds its pre-War output. In return for the havoc wrought on this area by the Germans during the War, the Saar mines have been ceded to France and can only be redeemed by Germany by the payment of £140,000,000

One gets to the Saar through Rheims, Verdun, and Metz. The country grows progressively plainer as one goes east. I lunched at Rheims which is in a bad way. In one champagne subterranean city — where there are four miles of bottles divided into avenues — but 100 hands remain in employment. Few are drinking champagne, yet the owners will not reduce prices, although their product is small good if kept longer than fifteen years, and the annual vintages are piling up.

Verdun looked rather nicer in ruins than it does now!

Metz is doing its best to be French, and perhaps succeeding.

The Saar is not a place anyone except a Five Year Planner would like to stay in longer than was absolutely necessary. Five Year Planners would worship the Saar. Away with capitalistic Capri! Here would be the place for a holiday: amid pitheads and chimneys, sirens and smoke, endless shuntings, and . . . well, there are sixty odd coal mines within five miles of this city, not to mention pottery, metallurgical, and glass factories galore. Magnetogorsk is unlikely to be in the running for a long time yet. I wonder the Saar doesn't advertise in the U.S.S.R.: "Spend your Holidays in the Saar. True Mining Atmosphere. Nature Squashed. Excursions Two Miles Down. Proletarian Surroundings."

Yet honour where it is due. The Saar, which strings Luxembourg to Alsace-Lorraine and which should really form the hub of that natural buffer State dividing France from Germany and which none of the mighty will swallow, is a very remarkable piece of country indeed. It is the richest and most consolidated strip on the whole continent. Though only 700 sq. miles in extent, it houses many of Germany's chief metallurgical industries, raised 16,000,000 tons of coal and coke a year as long ago as pre-War days, and six of the nine railways linking the two irreconcilables pass through the territory. If only for being the inevitable war way 'twixt France and Germany, the Saar would claim attention. In peace it is a unique non-stop mining and factory valley the condensed like of which is not to be found in Europe or out of it. Possession of the Saar is no affair of vanity aggrandizement. When the French commenced exploiting it after the War and measured off 150 sq. miles for concentrated attention, they deliminated in depth: what was visible to the eye mattered not at all.

One found Saarbrücken to be a perfect, dull, uninteresting, clean German town whose inhabitants, caught by Berlin's new momentum, are growing restless at further foreign presence in their midst in the shape of a thousand League of Nations gendarmes, largely Swiss. One sees them shortly after crossing the French frontier which passes but a mile or two from Saarbrücken. For Geneva rules the Saar until 1935, when there's to be a popular vote and four of its five rulers have been British — two Canadians and two English. Just now it is a Mr. Knox. The fifth commissioner, and the only Frenchman to be entrusted with the post, was a Monsieur Rault whose notorious decrees and secret police work drew from Lord Oxford the scathing indictment that here was a regime unknown in the worst annals of Tsarism. But, perhaps, before going further I had better recall just what sort of régime and situation rule in this danger spot, this disputed cross-road of mining, industry, railways, and potential campaigning.

After Monsieur Clemenceau and President Wilson had been broken from their clinch, Mr. Lloyd George suggested the Saar should pass, as an autonomous unit, under League of Nations control for a specified number of years when there would be a plebiscite to determine the people's will. The mines would go to France in compensation for the Lens fields wantonly destroyed when the Germans left. There would be a customs union with France pending the plebiscite. In the event, this is what was ultimately agreed upon. Mr. Lloyd George made only one bloomer. He is quoted by M. Tardieu as saying, "I am persuaded that if in a few years a plebiscite is taken, this population will not want to go back to Germany." Well, it does. Overwhelmingly and through and through. If my brief visit showed me anything it showed that.

The one thing French remaining about the Saar is the coinage, the franc, introduced there when the mark went phut and not replaced when the magician-like conjuring of the rentenmark ensued. In the restaurants in Saarbrücken 'tis odd to read—

Kalbfleisch m. Kartoffeln,
3 fr. 50 cm.

Here it was, in this chief town, that seven years ago the thousandth anniversary of the attachment to Germany was celebrated by 20,000 young people from all over the territory marching six abreast beneath windows drenched with bunting and to roaring enthusiasm. Hymns and German airs were sung; open air masses intoned. The League tried to curb things but failed. In a Weinstube that memorable day—which seems to have marked a mental milestone locally—was recapitulated for my benefit. My co-drinker was a Bavarian from the neighbouring Palatinate. Those of the Saar who are not Prussians (Rhinelanders) are Bavarians. A tiny French circle survives round Saarlouis but apparently even that is now fading out. Yet it was mainly on the strength of this Saarlouis circle that the French, in the person of André Tardieu, the "Tiger's" vigorous lieutenant of forty, fought their hardest to obtain the territory on sentimental grounds.

The Forgotten Saar

The League-Administered Territory whose Population is German to the Backbone and whose Resources are Ceded to France may yet hold Seeds of Grave Dissension

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHERE 2,000,000 TONS OF COAL A YEAR GO UNWANTED: A general view of the mining area of the Saar

HALCYON CALM IN AN EMBRYONIC STORM CENTRE: The Old Bridge at Saarbrücken (bridge over the Saar) the central point of the area which will in 1935 vote neither for French suzerainty nor for autonomy under the League, but to return to Germany

THE HEADQUARTERS of the Bergwerksdirektion, one of the great business houses in Saarbrücken. The population of the Saar basin is solidly Hitlerist and is adamant on its return to the Reich, if possible before 1935 when the Plebiscite is to be held. It is now administered by a Briton under the League

They must have back the frontier of 1814! The Saar had then been wrenched from France! Actually, that country had only possessed it from 1793 when it had been wrenched from Germanic others. "For goodness sake," said Mr. Lloyd George, "don't start committing the error of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871 all over again!" Had France been given the 1814 frontier, or even the Waterloo one which she next struck out for, the entire economic unity of the Saar basin would have been ruptured, while the pleasing spectacle would have been witnessed of German deputies in the Chamber in Paris.

If ever country has, France has had a fair chance to capture the "Sarrois." In every material field that mattered she was allowed control and fifteen long years in which to fascinate the locals. She not only had the mines but everything appertaining to them—electric plant, coke-ovens, roads, ports; also, gradually all industry passed into French hands, as did also the customs and the very coinage. France had industrial, commercial, financial control, even that of supply. She could construct communications as she willed. At one time not fewer than 250,000 people were dependent on her for their daily bread. Yet what supervened? Precisely what happened in the Rhineland. The "Sarrois" weren't taking any change of nationality stuff. They went on strike and played ca'canny, impeded and insulted—even to a pork butcher once tattooing on his carcases "German I am, German I remain"—with the result that French troops were not finally bidden godspeed until 1928.

The position to-day is that the inhabitants, of whom 95 per cent. are of German birth, are itching for the League to pack up and go. They don't expect great things economically from the Reich but they are no longer going great shakes under the present regime either. Unemployment and distress are rife. As plebiscite preparations draw nigh, the Saar stands grievously smitten by the world crisis. There is small attraction left in remaining "in" with France. Pits have closed down right and left because France can no longer absorb Saar coal. As early as 1926 she was raising more from the Lens fields (for whose destruction she had been compensated with the Saar) than in 1914; the sequel being that 2,000,000 tons of Saar coal p.a. go unwanted to-day. Similarly, the Republic cannot any longer take what the Saar factories churn out. One observes the effect in and about Saarbrücken which betrays many of the signs and symptoms of Tyneside. Of 72,000 normally employed in the State coal mines, and of over 100,000 who should find work in skilled industries, half appear to be idle. Would they be any better off under the Reich? I put the matter more than once and was each time informed that my question was immaterial. *We want to rejoin Germany.*

"The one thing we'll lose," explained my Bavarian chance acquaintance, "is the smuggling through into France. It's become a splendid industry, but when their Customs go of course it will cease."

"What do you smuggle?"

"Everything cheap from Germany. The French must have lost millions in revenue."

"You don't look an occupied country a bit," I said. "All your local authorities carry on. There's no soldiery. You——"

"——But we're under foreign rule, that's all."

In point of fact, the absence of League gendarmerie in Saarbrücken is more pronounced even than was the void of khaki towards the end in Wiesbaden, when I counted, one September morning of 1929, exactly nine khaki figures, including military police, as the sole expression of our presence in that big city.

The League gendarmerie mainly sees that no ill comes to the mines or railways. It is seldom on view, and Mr. Knox's headquarters doesn't even fly a League flag, for there isn't one. The whole thing seems to be quite nicely done. *But*——

Es brausst ein Ruf. . . .

"It seems to be so," I ventured to a second Saarite, "that your whole economy is turned naturally towards Alsace-Lorraine and to the west generally, not towards Germany which already has from other quarters all you can give her."

"Macht nichts!" And: "It succeeded before and can again."

Such is the Saar mind—resolutely made up. Saarbrücken awaits the day of "deliverance." The calendar says there are close on a thousand more days of the present regime to run, but few of the 800,000 population will be found to credit that. The talk is of liberation before the New Year, though how, is not made sufficiently clear. "Hitler will do it."

While one may deplore that any territory is occupied so near home as late as 1932, even by that paladin of self-determination, the League, the trend of events over the Rhine may not unjustifiably cause the French to cling on to their pound of flesh to the bitter end—January 1, 1935, plebiscite day. I have mentioned the strategical importance of the territory. There is the further material consideration that the Saar, more important than Italy or Spain, buys £20,000,000 of goods annually from the Republic and the estimate is made that the territory's exit from the French Customs system would spell an accretion of as many as 100,000 to the ranks of France's unemployed. If the Saar's coal has admittedly become an incubus, if the famous Comité des Forges has also got indigestion, the French do not intend to let this rich and vital valley slip back into German hands without the Reich fulfilling its part of the Treaty agreement. And here we fall upon impasse complete.

The Versailles tome lays down that after fifteen years the population shall vote by districts whether it wants to (a) remain autonomous, (b) return to Germany, (c) seek union with France; and, furthermore, that in regard to each district opting for Germany, that country shall have the right to *buy back* the mines situate therein (the mines being the definite property of the French). As Germany is bound to win in every district, she will be faced with having to pay £140,000,000 in order to re-enter into possession of all the mines, this being the figure they were appraised at during Franco-German negotiations which broke down in 1930.

Where, one may well ask, is Germany going to get £140,000,000? That is the riddle of the Saar.

We are likely to see the Saar plebiscited wholly back to Germany and her mines—her life's blood—remaining in the hands of the French, to be bought back piecemeal as and when Germany can afford to. What the French would have is to forge a permanent economic bond of Lorraine ore and Saar coke irrespective of the plebiscite and they dangle the £140,000,000, the chance of not having to pay it, as bait. The Germans have so far retorted by saying the mines are not worth any such thing. Now they have begun to *claim* the Saar.

(Continued on p. 408)

NEW LAND from the NORTH SEA

PROTECTION: A covering of rough flag-stone protects the land-dykes from the action of the sea. The picture shows the structures erected on the West point of Hallig Langeness

THE WORK IN PROGRESS: Suction dredgers pumping the ooze through huge pipelines from the drainage ditches to the sandbanks between the dams, where it is retained, and favours the "accretion" of land reclaimed from the North Sea

THE INROADS OF THE SEA near Hallig Langeness show clearly the necessity for the reclamation schemes now in progress

CANALS drain all the land reclaimed from the sea—work carried out with great skill by Philipp Holzmann, A.G. of Hamburg. Similar work is, of course, being undertaken by the Dutch on the Zuyder Zee

THE SILT CATCHER is so effective that after only one year's operation it has accumulated enough silt to engulf a workman to mid-thigh

GLASSWORT establishes itself in the silt; its roots hold the soil together; its branches prevent new silt from moving

The reclaiming of new land on the North Sea coast by promoting the natural growth of vegetation is an extensive work requiring many years to complete, and its progress is not at once apparent. This is the only explanation of why the extensive schemes which have been started on the North Sea coast attract relatively little attention. For about thirty years the Prussian Board of Domains, which holds the shore rights along the largest part of the coast, has been reclaiming land systematically by making use of the better knowledge now gained of natural forces and improvements of technique, and during this time has succeeded in reclaiming in all 4,381 hectares (about 10,825 acres). The expenditure is 7,600,000 marks, or something over 700 marks an acre, but this includes the considerable expense incurred in repairing damage done in the war and post-war periods. For the future the cost of reclaiming is estimated at about 800 marks an acre. The work of pushing the sea on the North Coast back step by step is based on the idea of connecting the islands with the continent by ultimately creating a firm causeway linking up with Neufeld at the mouth of the Elbe. This project will, however, require many years for its execution.

WHEN BRITTANY DANCES

The Annual Celebration When a Province Goes Gay

IN FESTAL GARB: A young Breton in the attractive gala dress of the country worn for the dance in which the whole countryside joins—from the ages of seventy to seven

GAELIC MUSIC: The kinship of the Breton with the Celts of the Highlands is shown in the instruments their musicians play. A type of bagpipe and a sort of oboe form the basic music of the peasant orchestra to which the Bretons dance

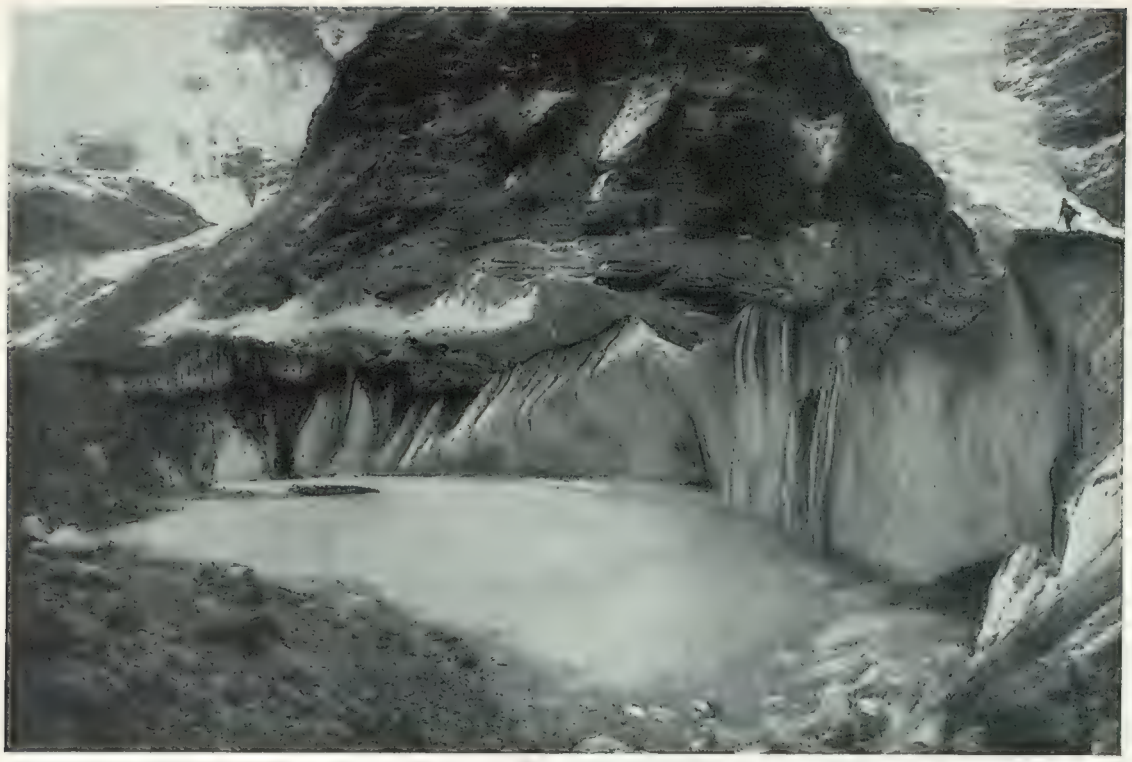
THE CUP THAT CHEERS: Cider is the national drink in Brittany, although it is sometimes "laced" with Calvados. The bottles go the rounds at every festival, but drunkenness is rare

LIVING DOLLS: Breton children who participate in the festival to the sound of bagpipes. The festival dancing is traditional, and all participants join hands. There is in the whole ceremony an atavistic harking back of the Latin to the Dionysian bacchanalia of Rome and, of later date, the Carmagnole

THE GAVOTTE: Peasants and townsfolk, in picturesque native garb or ordinary clothes, join in the dancing in the village streets. The lookers-on also dance, but towards evening only contestants in the dancing competition perform. Prizes are usually won by the gaffers

THE PIPER whose rustic melodies are an integral feature of every festival in Brittany. His energy is patent!

A WELCOME REST: One man and three partners enjoy a break in the dance, which is kept up from early morning until late at night with great enjoyment



A GLACIER LAKE IN THE HEART OF THE HIMALAYAS: The bursting of these lakes sometimes spreads ruin and desolation in the lower valleys of the Himalaya

WHERE THE GANGES "falls from the foot of Vishnu like the slender thread of a lotus flower," as runs the ancient Hindu phrase. The holy river is seen here only three miles below its source in the glaciers of the central mass of the Himalaya

THE SOURCE OF THE ALAKNANDA RIVER, the true source of the Ganges, where the holy river, a rushing glacier torrent, issues from the combined snouts of the Bhagat Kharak and Satopanth glaciers. This is a district revered by all Hindus

GATHERING STRENGTH AND VOLUME: The Ganges roars through a series of huge gorges near the sacred city of Badrinath en route to the plains of India

A TRIBUTARY OF THE GANGES that dashes into a slit-like gorge 300 feet deep and so narrow that stones are bridged across the mouth of it

The SOURCE of the GANGES

By F. S. SMYTHE

(The Leader of the Triumphant Kamet Expedition)

The Ganges is not only one of the world's greatest rivers; it irrigates and fertilises the northern plain of India and brings sustenance to millions of Indians. Perhaps because of this it is regarded by the Hindus as a sacred river. At the pilgrim city of Benares they bathe in its waters, which are also the last resting-place for the dead after cremation in the burning ghats. But it is to the snows that the more pious among the Hindus turn their eyes, the snows of Himachal (Himalaya) whence their sacred river draws its strength, an eternal reservoir set high on the greatest mountain range in the world. Before death and the burning ghats claim them they must pay their respects to the gods whom they believe to dwell up among these snows and dip their bodies in the icy glacier waters of the Ganges where it passes through the holy city of Badrinath only a few miles from its source.

From all corners of India come the pilgrims, some from the far south, a journey of over a thousand miles. To accomplish their pilgrimage they must pass through the hot, tropical, unhealthy valleys of Kumaun, braving diseases such as cholera, dysentery, malaria, and typhoid which sometimes claim many victims. In the vast forests that lead up towards Himalaya they are attacked by swarms of disease-carrying flies and plagued by blood-sucking leeches. Fierce suns, fiercer even than the suns of the plains, scorch them. But still they stumble wearily on towards their goal, halting only at primitive rest houses built at intervals along the route. Many of them are destitute, and must beg their way from village to village. Old and young toil along, some who have long delayed their pilgrimage being so weak or infirm that they have to be carried on litters, mules, or ponies. Maharajahs and Maharanees rub shoulders with "Untouchables." The rich in their palanquins with their servants and mules bearing their tents and equipment, and the poor with their one ragged blanket and a miserable little bundle of cooking implements carried on the heads of their wives—every class of Hindu will be seen on the path to Badrinath.

It is said that some fifty thousand Hindus make the pilgrimage annually, but there are many who never arrive at their destination; disease and exhaustion have claimed their lives.

As they progress towards the Himalayas up through the steamy, tropical valleys, the scenery gradually becomes wilder and wilder, the path winds through giant gorges where huge precipices, falling from the knees of the peaks, rise on either hand, ready at any moment to discharge avalanches of boulders. Here and there the track disappears altogether beneath piled up masses of avalanche débris. Tropical heat is replaced by cooler airs from the snows, and at night the pilgrim shivers in his one miserable blanket.

And so at last, crossing a crazy rope bridge over the Ganges, they arrive at their goal, the sacred city of Badrinath. They mount the steps of the temple, polished glassy smooth by the tread of countless feet, and prostrate themselves on the threshold of a shrine before the image of Siva.

In the temple they must contribute their wealth or their mite to its upkeep and the upkeep of the priests, and any money that is left to them is soon taken from them by the rapacious shopkeepers of Badrinath. Before leaving the temple they must make their salaams to the Rawal Sahib, its keeper and the High Priest of Hinduism. Then they must bathe their bodies in a holy spring of hot sulphurous water that issues from the rocks and fills an enclosed bath, and descending some slippery steps seize a chain and dip their bodies in the Ganges' waters.

And thus their sins are washed away. But a visit to Badrinath is not enough; they must visit also the sacred cities of Kedarnath, and if possible, circumvent the Himalaya and visit the Gangotri river, the second tributary of the Ganges.

It would be thought that what these pilgrims undergo is sufficient immolation, but there are fanatics who progress on their pilgrimage by the simple expedient of falling flat on their faces, reaching out before them, drawing a chalk line, and then, standing upon the chalk line, repeat the process. These fanatics may take a year or two to accomplish their pilgrimage. And there are others who cut themselves off from the world and their fellow men for ever, in order to rest and meditate high up on the snows of the Himalaya.

Nowadays, the pilgrim who would pass from Badrinath to Gangotri must make a long and toilsome detour round the mountains, but it is said that a pass exists by which pilgrims of past centuries used to cross in three days. Now they say it is impossible, for the gods became angry at the invasion of their solitudes of snow and ice, and one day they seized a venturesome pilgrim and sank with him into the ground leaving only his basket, which was turned to stone and at which they will point as a warning to the traveller. Fortunately, however, no such fate overtook the British Himalayan Expedition in 1931, and a portion of the Badrinath range which forms the watershed of the Alaknanda (Ganges) and Gangotri rivers was mapped, ten of its peaks between 19,000 and 22,000 ft. climbed, and the actual source of the Ganges, where the holy river rushes from beneath its glaciers, visited.

SEEN OUT-OF-DOORS

AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: The King and Queen making their tour of the grounds of the Chelsea Hospital on "private view day." This is one of the most popular of Seasonal events, exerting its appeal on high and low alike

MR. EMILIO SCALA occupies a remarkable position. He is the only Irish sweepstake winner of whom anything is known after the event. All other fortunates seem to fade utterly into the *Ewigkeit* but Mr. Scala is still in the news

RUS IN URBE: The Londoners' annual taste of agricultural pursuits was carried out in Hyde Park last week when sheep-shearing took place. The setting is fantastically rustic—infinitely more so than a similar setting in any other world-capital

A LANSBURY LEGACY: The mixed bathing—water and sun (if any!)—Season has opened on the Serpentine shores and the two days of summer we have so far enjoyed encouraged swimmers to take advantage of it

AT THE CHURCH OF THE EMPIRE: The charming bridesmaids in their ruched frocks and the attractive bridal attendants at the wedding of Lieut.-Commander R. A. Edwards and Miss J. Hurt at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

AIRWOMEN HONOUR "LADY LINDY": Lady Bailey, Mrs. Shelmerdine, Miss Salaman, Miss Spicer, Miss Gower, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, and Mrs. Spencer Cleaver with Mrs. Putnam (Miss Earhart) at the U.S. Embassy

THE CLERGYMAN WHO RUNS

Probably less than 1 per cent. of the three or four hundred thousand people who will have been to the Derby and the Oaks this week realize that the whole of the arrangements of the Epsom racecourse are under the control of a clergyman. He is the Rev. E. E. Dorling and is the last male of his line to maintain a family association with the most famous race in the world, which has lasted for the better part of a century. Except for the War period, Mr. Dorling has seen every Derby and every Oaks since 1900. White-haired and handsome, he wears the short black jacket and striped trousers of an ambassador off duty or a stock-broker on Monday morning. For thirteen years, since the death of his uncle, he has been managing director of the Epsom Grand Stand Association, the offices of which are in St. James's Street. This is a private company with 230 shareholders which owns the whole of the race track, except for the Paddock, as well as the Grand Stand and the other buildings. The Paddock, which is three or four acres in extent and totally useless for any other purpose, was leased to the Association by the late Lord Rosebery for the remarkable sum of £1,200 a year, and the lease is still renewed. I say "remarkable" because it can only be used for seven days in the year and has no agricultural or commercial value whatever.

It was in 1831 that William Dorling first appeared on the scene as the printer of race cards which continued until quite recently. Three years before the Epsom Grand Stand Association had been formed, but he took no part in it, for it was "an artful speculation devised by a small horde of questionable characters, and it was not before great trouble and expense had been incurred that they were excluded from the management." Then for a time everything went well, but by the 'fifties the Epsom Meeting was getting into low water. Attendances were shrinking, and undesirable people frequented the racecourse. At this stage William Dorling's son, Henry, who was a great character, stepped into the breach. Aided by Lord George Bentinck, they cleared up the nuisances, consolidated the situation, and generally raised the tone of the Derby out of all recognition.

It was Lord George Bentinck who had previously unmasked the owner of Running Rein, who won the Derby in 1844 as a four-year-old, though described, of course, as a three-year-old. This unpleasant incident resulted in one of the most famous lawsuits connected with the turf, and had partly helped to lower the prestige of the Epsom Meeting. H. M. Dorling was Clerk of the Course from 1853 to 1872. Other members of the family who had direct contact with the control of the meeting were Walter Dorling and Edward Dorling, the father of the present director. The latter started life as a schoolmaster, then took Holy Orders, and later held a country parish, and then wrote for a firm of publishers which specializes in county histories. To-day he takes no active part in the Church. As he said to me with a twinkle in his eye, "It would not be thought quite compatible with my present work, would it?"

THE START OF THE "DERBY DYNASTY" in 1831 when William Dorling appeared o[n] of race cards

MEASURING UP: The plots of land on which bookmakers (under the head of parkers of cars) hot-dog vendors, winkle merchants, ice-cream sellers or coconut shysters will ply their trade measured up for subsequent sale

THE AUCTION OF SITES, conducted by Major Hill on behalf of the Grand Stand Association. People who look as if they had not a sixpence in the world offer hundreds of pounds to lease a few square feet of land for a week —and pay!

We were sitting in the directors' room, the walls of which are covered with ancient and very valuable photographs. These include the photographs of the Derby from which Frith painted his famous picture in 1867. In a room outside his niece was busy dealing with all the applications for boxes and seats for this week. The telephone seldom ceased, and any number of applicants offered gratuitous tips about their horses. Mr. Dorling himself never has more than six bets in the year.

"I get quite enough enjoyment out of seeing the horses running without having a pound or a shilling to increase my interest," he said. "My family have been intimately connected with the Epsom racecourse for eighty years. Mr. Langlands, who is the present Clerk of the Course, succeeded his father in the same position. So it is all very much a family affair. Although the actual racing is limited to seven days, there is a whole year's work needed in preparation for them. It is true that I take a holiday in September and October. But for the rest of the year I rather regret the telephone we have got here. Until 1926 we used to have offices in Holborn with no telephone or typewriter either.

"To illustrate in a small way how continuous the work is, I may say that we have painters who are painting the Grand Stand all the year round. Applications for boxes, which are £120 a year, and reserved seats which are £8 15s. for Derby week, start coming in by January and continue ceaselessly. When the Oaks has been run, or rather when the meeting is over, we have to employ seventy scavengers to clear the litter from the Downs, and it takes them three weeks to do it. If it would not fall on deaf ears, I would suggest that one might deprecate the deliberate untidiness each year, but I know from experience that it is no good. One of the all-year-round jobs is looking after the turf. After the Spring Meeting and after the Derby Meeting our men go out in squads of six smoothing out the course. It is an interesting sight to see six men advancing by inches over the turf. They can only do 35 yds. in a day. The procedure is to drive a fork into the ground behind a hoof print, lever it up, drop in a "fid" of turf which brings it up to the level, and then spread a little earth over it, so that the grass can grow over it again.

"In the Grand Stand we have to keep thousands of knives and forks and spoons and table cloths, for the firm which does the catering does not supply all these. We also have to keep bedding for the army of stable-lads and waiters. An interesting statistic for you is that we have to hire the services of anything between six hundred and eight hundred policemen a day for the meeting. Scotland Yard does not provide them. The constables cost £1 2s. 6d. each, and on top of that we have to pay their fares, and also give them an extra allowance for food. Of course, they are infinitely worth the £800 a day which it costs this Association.

"We have no gang fights nowadays, and the traffic control has improved out of all recognition. It was not so long ago that Epsom High Street was jammed with a stationary line of cars at 3 p.m. unable to reach the course, and there would be another jam at 10 p.m. of cars trying in vain to get away. Nowadays there will not be a dozen cars on the Downs at 6.30 p.m. Colonel Laurie, the Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, is responsible for this great improvement. As to the arrest of welshers, of whom there was a considerable number last year, there can be no hope of catching them all. Anybody who bets with a bookmaker on the Hill, or anywhere, in fact, except by the rails, is a mug."

Another of this sporting clergyman's jobs is to design all the different badges for the boxes at the Spring Summer Meeting, the badges for each day's admission, the badges for the Grand Stand and the East Stand, the complimentary badges, and the rest of them. He has to think of different shapes, colours, sizes, and printing in order to prevent any possibility of forging. He also controls the fantastic amount of printed matter which has to be put out in connection with car parks and every other detail.

Strangely enough, he has never met Mrs. D'Arcy, the somewhat mysterious hostess who has her private stand, year after year, opposite the Grand Stand, and annually entertains two hundred guests or more. Every Spring her solicitors ask for formal permission to lease the ground and, when it is granted, have the stand erected themselves. The other "private" stands are the Warwickshire stand, the Langlands' stands, the Barnard stand, and the Old Stewards' stand. The Grand Stand, built in the middle of the General Strike, cost £249,000 — nearly twice as much as was estimated, because of the overtime needed to complete it in time as a result of the cessation of labour. A curiosity about it is that the steel from which it is constructed comes from all over the world — for the same reason. The Strike prevented the products of Sheffield from being used, and to-day it is a medley of American, French, German, and Belgian steel.

It is in the Grand Stand, when the weather is wet, that the Bishop of Guildford holds his annual parish service on the Sunday before the race. When it is fine it is held in the Paddock, and the surpliced choir, with the hooded choirmaster, is stationed in Tattersall's. It is also in the Grand

DURING THE RECRUDESCENCE: In the 'sixties (this it had lost in the

THE DERBY!

The Fascinating History of the Dorling Dynasty

By CHARLES GRAVES

OF DORLING occurred the course as the printer

Stand, when the weather is wet, that Major Hill, acting for the Epsom Grand Stand Association, conducts his auction of sites on the Downs on the week-end previous to the race. It is a strange scene, and a queer medley of people arrive. Badly-dressed men and unkempt women will bid hundreds of pounds for desirable sections for the four days. They may be winkle-vendors, hot-dog merchants, ice-cream sellers, coconut shysters, or any others of the extraordinary variety of types which relieve the race-goer of his loose change.

Bookmakers cannot lease ground on which to carry out their betting transactions. What they do is to get a sub-let of a piece of ground for parking their carriage or car. That is the theory. The practice, which means the space for a stool and a clerk and an umbrella, is naturally winked at. The ground is usually auctioned off by the foot. There is no need to use an Ordnance survey map. Everybody knows exactly which are the pitches being put up for auction. Year after year the same characters appear on the scene, and presumably get back in threepences what they have leased for hundreds. Sometimes, when the weather is bad, they probably lose on the deal.

Mr. Dorling himself has never insured against rain. "It makes a big difference to our receipts if it is fine until 11 a.m., by which time most people have started off," he said. "But we are used to rain, and anyway the premium would probably be too high for us. On the whole, the booths are diminishing and there is much less drinking on Derby Day. The chief improvement, though, is in the traffic control, and I cannot express enough gratitude to the police for this."

EARLY DAYS: An impression of the crowds surging on to the course in pre-Dorling days—the date of this picture is about 1820—when the race even then had that unique appeal it exerts to-day

Yet another and arduous task of Mr. Dorling is the supervision of the Epsom Club Stand. This club is the Royal Yacht Squadron of racing. There are a thousand members beginning with the King, and continuing by way of my Lords Abergavenny, Adare, Anglesey, Altamont, Ancaster, and Astor, to my Lords Westmorland, Wharncliffe, Willoughby de Broke, Wolverton, Woolavington, Wyfold, and Zetland. The Stewards of the Jockey Club themselves are responsible for the membership, the application forms for which are deposited at Weatherby's. Many are the candidates who are black-balled. Others come for details to Mr. Dorling, who has the tactful job of advising them not to put up if he does not think that they would be suitable.

Another point that arose in our conversation was the use of the phrase, "The 149th renewal of the Derby Stakes." This word renewal was put in at the request of the late Lord Rosebery, who pointed out that the War-time races were merely pseudo-Derbys. In conclusion, Mr. Dorling said that of all his many memories of the Derby and the Oaks, far the most striking was of the scene when King Edward led in Minoru.

THE REV. EDWARD E. DORLING
Managing Director of the Epsom Grand Stand Association

"The King, you may remember, went down himself to lead the winner in. There was a note of fierce approval in the cheering which was quite unlike anything else I have ever heard. It could have happened nowhere else but at Epsom, and only then when the King was the central figure. The nearest approach to it that I can recall was the cheering at the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon."

One of the first Derbys I ever witnessed myself was in 1922, when I had gone up in an aeroplane with a police officer who was directing the traffic by wireless telephone, and a camera man who was taking shots of the crowd below, and for whose benefit the machine was tilted at various angles. Never have I seen greater endurance, if not heroism, than that of the policeman who stuck doggedly to his task, although fearfully and wonderfully air-sick. That same Derby Day I came back in a fast car in twenty-nine minutes to Fleet Street. In the back of it two evening newspaper photographers were developing their photographs of the finish of the race as we swirled along, sometimes at sixty miles an hour. An hour later the public were buying the last edition with the photographs duly on the front page.

I am far too young to recall, however, how Signorinetta won the Derby for her strange Italian owner, the Chevalier Genistrelli, and then the Oaks on top of it. That was in 1908, and she died four years ago, but I have come across a delightful contemporary interview with the Chevalier, who was a dyed-in-the-wool sentimentalist.

"I had intended putting her dam, Signora, to Cyllene," he stated, "but she passed a neighbouring stud and met her affinity, whose name was Chaleureux. He 'cried' when he felt her presence, and at once fell in love with her. The mating took place, and Signorinetta was the result."

THE ROYAL DERBY VICTOR: King Edward VII, with Minoru (H. Jones up), whose victory in 1909 precipitated the greatest spontaneous outburst of loyal enthusiasm within living memory

I can well remember as a schoolboy losing sixpence on Craganour when he was disqualified and the race given to Aboyeur. But Mr. Benson, who is better known as Mr. Douglas Stuart, recalls it rather better.

"I was sitting in my office," he said, "when the message came through that Craganour had won. I cannot tell you how often I had laid it—even with my in-laws. It meant a loss of £20,000. Twenty minutes later we heard that Aboyeur, whom nobody backed, had been awarded the race. That meant a profit of £30,000. Yes, in twenty minutes, there was the difference of £50,000 in my fortunes. Craganour was the unluckiest horse in the world. Though I would not venture to disagree with the judge, I thought he had also won the Two Thousand Guineas.

"To-day there are just as many people betting as ever, but they bet in smaller amounts. Where they used to bet in hundreds they now bet in twenties, and where they used to bet in fivers, they bet in pounds. There are only five big punters left to-day including one girl, Miss Dorothy Paget who, however, is well up on her bets. The Irish Sweep in my opinion has not affected the volume of betting at all. It seems to me that the majority of tickets are bought jointly by groups of very poor people.

"The bet that I remember best was the hundred to one I laid Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, against any of his nominations winning the Derby two years later. Felstead was only a colt at the time. Sir Hugo had quite a sizeable bet, and as, when it was made, Felstead was still unnamed, I did not realize until after the race that I had lost it. Two years ago at Ascot I laid him the same bet again, and so I will see in 1933 whether I have better luck. Anyway it is all in the game."

(Continued on p. 408)

picture shows the race of '65) the Derby, under the influence of Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Henry Dorling, regained the caste 'fifties after the Running Rein scandal of '44. Reproduced by courtesy of the Rev. E. E. Dorling

AUDLEY CASTLE: St. Patrick landed just beyond the Castle Hill in a creek of the Quoyle called the Slaney in 432 A.D. The great pageant of the life of the Saint—a pageant which evokes as much enthusiasm in tradition-loving Catholic Ireland as if it were the first and not the fifteen hundredth anniversary—is to be held on or near this castle plateau at Castle Ward demesne, Downpatrick

1,500 YEARS AGO

St. Patrick, a Consecrated Missionary, Landed on the Ulster Coast, and this Month a Series of Celebrations will be Held in Commemoration in Downpatrick and Belfast

Some fifteen hundred years ago a youth of sixteen was seized and carried off from his father's farm in Bannaven Taberniæ by a band of pirates who sold him to an Irish chieftain—"a heathen man and harsh." In the service of this man in the valley of Braid near Slemish Mountain he remained six years, living, as his life written by Muirchu in the seventh century declares, "in the fear and dread of God in many watchings and prayers. He used to pray a hundred times in the daytime and a hundred times during the night"; which speaks for itself of the godly manner in which he was brought up by his father, Calpurnius, who was a deacon and himself the son of a priest; while the hymn, "Genair Patraicc," states that Calpurnius' father, Potid, was the grandson of Deacon Odisse.

After these six years in "the tents of Kedar" he made his escape and sailed to Britain "with strange, barbarous, and heathen men who worshipped many false gods," eventually arriving amongst his relatives, who pressed him to stay with them for the rest of his life. But many visions were shown to him, and the desire to convert the heathen which flowered in him during those six years of captivity forced him to travel in order to "pay his respects to the Apostolic See, the head of all the churches of the whole world . . . and to learn and understand . . . and preach and impart the Grace of God to foreign nations."

Having reached France he found a very holy bishop at Alsiodorum (Auxerre) by the name of Germanus, and with him he stayed until he was visited by his Guardian Angel "Victoricus, who when he was in slavery had told him all things before they came to pass," and now he was told that, "the boys and girls of the wood of Fochlath are calling thee."

After the consecration by Bishop Amathorex he returned to Ireland as a missionary in the year 432, having first landed in Wales according to Giraldus Cambrensis. He first landed in Ireland at Wicklow, at the mouth of the Vartry, and thence sailed north to convert his old master, Miliucc, who in fear that his former slave should lord it over him committed himself to the flames.

From County Antrim in the middle of which Miliucc lived, the missionary travelled to County Down, where he converted another chief named Dichu, who bestowed upon St. Patrick the first Christian church that he possessed. The name of the church was Saul (Sabhall=the barn), and still is, though a new church is now to be built on the historic site where Christianity first gained foothold in Ireland.

The religious fervour of the saint took him from there to County Meath, to Temoria, or Tara, "which was the capital of the Kingdom of the Irish," where he preached to the King Loiguire (Leary) as had been foretold by his magicians. After contest with these and the triumph of Patrick, the King and his followers were converted. Baptizing and preaching, Patrick went on to Connaught as far as Croagh Patrick in Mayo, to Ulster, and to Cashel in the South.

His mission was entirely successful, and according to the accounts of his biographers he consecrated 450 bishops, founded 365 churches, and baptized 12,000 persons with his own hands. After twenty years of such strenuous and successful labours he fixed his See at Armagh about the year 454.

Finally, after thirty years of devoted work, the old missionary returned to Saul to rest and there he died in 461; he was buried at Downpatrick, where the relics of the world-renowned saint of the Irish people were preserved until the Reformation. G. C.

ST. PATRICK'S HILL in the Braid Valley, near Ballymena, Co. Antrim, where St. Patrick was, then a slave, employed as a goatherd. Slanish is a famous volcanic neck of Eocene age dolerite, one of the six in Co. Antrim on the basaltic plateau. St. Patrick consecrated 450 bishops, founded 365 churches, and baptized 12,000 persons with his own hands

THE BELL OF ST. PATRICK is of fifth-century iron, later dipped in bronze which has now vanished. It is now in the National Museum, Dublin

THE HOLY WELLS at Struell, Downpatrick, sacred to the great Irish Champion of Christendom. In the foreground is the Eye and Ear Well as it is in its present renovated condition; in the background is the men's bathing well; between the two the women's bathing well

ST. PATRICK'S GRAVE, which recalls the line written of another (mythical) Irish chieftain: "I could lie for ever with a cross upon my clay"

WHERE ST. PATRICK'S OBSEQUIES WERE CELEBRATED: Ranolp Old Church, near the Slaney inlet where the champion landed. The old building dates back to the sixth and seventh centuries, and annual ceremonies were held therein in honour of St. Patrick

SAUL (SABHALL) PARISH CHURCH: To be Built at the spot where St. Patrick landed. The architecture, Hiberno-Romanesque, is by A. W. Brown, Belfast

BRITISH BULBS

In England's Fenland

Spring, the "loveliest season of the year," brings many delights to the lover of the beautiful, but nothing more exquisite than its wealth of flowers. The woods and hedgerows of our rural areas have been bespangled with the pale primrose, a little later with the bluebells, and then the deliciously scented lilies of the valley have produced their many-cupped flowerets. It were easy to indicate specific spots where these Spring flowers have been visible in profusion. An especially striking display of bluebells was discoverable by the highway in Leicestershire, and in due time the woods near Bow Brickhill, in Bedfordshire, are carpeted with masses of lilies of the valley.

These, of course, are wild flowers; but in other parts of the country are grown vast quantities of carefully cultivated blooms which are obtained from bulbs. For months past tulips grown under glass have been finding their way from various foreign and home centres to innumerable homes, and it is gratifying to realize that the habit of utilizing flowers for decorative purposes has become widespread. As a consequence British bulb-growers have devoted enterprise and energy to meet the demand, with the result that the cut-flower industry has become one of considerable importance.

The principal centre of this enterprise is the Spalding district of Lincolnshire, and the pleasant fact is that the area under cultivation nowadays comprises not only the available land of the town itself, but the fields of the adjoining villages.

The reason why the development has occurred near Spalding is that the region possesses a substantial silty deposit which is particularly suitable for the growing of bulbs and potatoes.

Lovers of the beautiful who have visited the Dutch bulb farms well know how delightful is the spectacle presented by the variegated masses of flowerets. But many may be unaware that at a readily accessible point in our own country it is possible to view a display which vies with the Continental vision of floral beauty.

Now that the daffodils and narcissi have been harvested, the outdoor-grown tulips have come into their own. Few sights can be more enchanting than that of a wide expanse of land covered with a richly-tinted carpeting of tulips. The colours blend harmoniously, and such an array could not fail to delight the eye of the lover of the beautiful.

It is literally true that the harvest of cut flowers is measured by tons. The gathering is carried out by an army of pickers, the blooms are assorted and packed in commodious sheds, and the boxes containing the fragrant freight are conveyed with all possible rapidity to London and the great provincial centres.

A considerable proportion of the supply is conveyed by rail, while large quantities are carried to the Metropolitan markets by means of road transport. Not so long ago the quantities of cut flowers despatched from Spalding were negligible. Nowadays the bulk reaches such dimensions that at peak periods it becomes necessary to run special flower expresses.

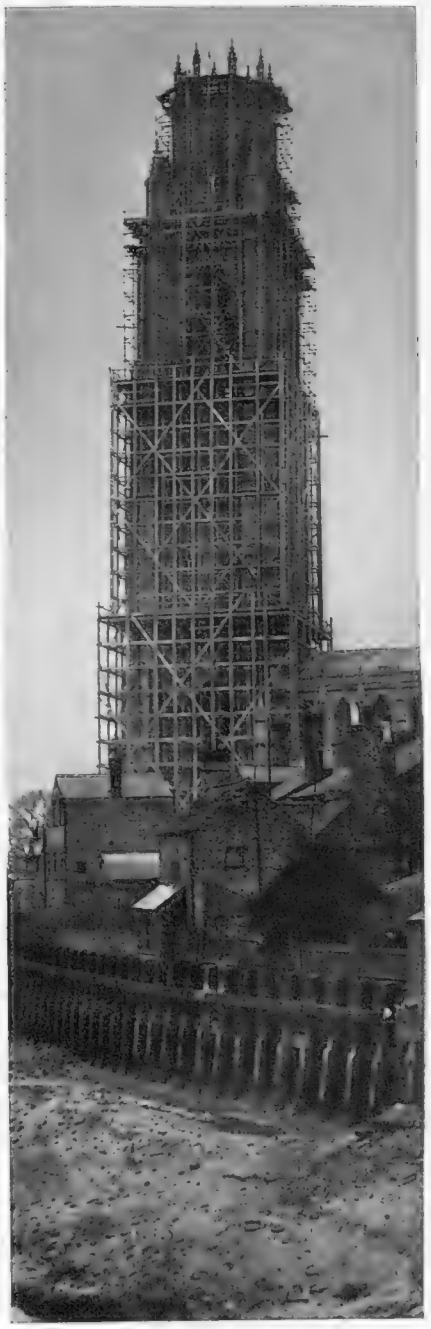
Apart from its picturesque beauty, the industry has a practical value in the sense that it provides employment for considerable numbers of men, women, and young people. Though the industry is seasonal so far as the harvest is concerned, there are the operations of planting and raising the bulbs at other periods, while the growers contrive to occupy their workers in box-making and other work at slack times, so that the industry is made to provide work all the year round.

Even so beautiful a pursuit as bulb growing has not been immune from difficulties. Some years ago, indeed, there was a prospect that bulb-growing in the Spalding district would be blotted out. This danger was threatened by the destructive activity of a pest known as the eel-worm. A resourceful scientist, however, hit upon a means of rendering the bulbs unsusceptible of danger from that source, and since that time the eel-worm has ceased to be regarded with terror by the growers.

HARVEST OF BEAUTY: The 250 acres of land immediately round Spalding, Lincolnshire, are to tulips what Haarlem is to the Dutch bulb industry or the Scilly Isles to daffodils. Some 300 girls are engaged on the fields, gathering the blooms, of which over 200,000 are despatched to all parts of the kingdom every day of the season. The magnificent blossoms—which carpet the flat Fenland fields with multi-coloured beauty—are here seen being packed in characteristic baskets. Some thousands of acres are under this cultivation

FLOWER O' THE FENS: Two of the 300 employees in the Spalding area of 250 acres devoted to tulip-culture. In gum boots or high calf footgear the girls work and they seem quite happy, riding at once bareback and side-saddle, laden with bundles or baskets of flowers, on the back of a cart-horse freed from his cart

NATURE IN FESTIVE MOOD: Lincolnshire is, largely under the influence of Protection, rapidly forging ahead as a flower-centre; the tulip industry is increasing by leaps and bounds and may, in time, develop as a serious rival to the Dutch growing grounds which have held pride of place for so many years



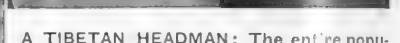
THE CHURCH OF THE FENS: Boston "Stump"—St. Botolphs—is being renovated, and its tall, spireless tower is encased in elaborate scaffolding

UNKNOWN TRIBE

Photographed and Described for the

A KACHIN OF THE TRIANGLE: The jacket is embroidered with 8-anna silver pieces. The ears are gradually trained, by successively enlarged piercers of bamboo, to take large amber ornaments

THE WEAPON OF THE DWARF or Daru is the cross-bow. They are hardy hunters and can carry a load of 60 lb. through the jungle with ease. Daru girls often tattoo their faces



A TIBETAN HEADMAN: The entire population of Tibetans under the Union Jack does not exceed 200 souls

AGE IN THE JUNGLE: An old Daru who has achieved the colossal tale of some 50 years. The silver earrings derive from Tibet, whence they were brought by a trader who came over an, hitherto unknown pass at an altitude of 15,000 ft. The Darus are dwarfs—4 ft. 8 in. being tall for a woman, 4 ft. 10 in. for a man—but are extremely hardy.

In this expedition Kingdon Ward penetrated into an unadministered portion of the Triangle and obtained for the first time photographic records of the Darus, a shy race of forest dwarfs. He also discovered the chief sources of the giant river, Irrawaddy, and a new 15,000 ft. pass into Tibet, never before crossed by white men.

Lord Cranbrook and I have recently returned from thirteen months spent on the Upper Irrawaddy, a hitherto unexamined triangle in far Northern Burma under the mountains of the Tibetan frontier.

In this territory we came across the settlements of various interesting races, the most important being the Kachins. They do not know themselves by that name—it is a Burmese word. They call themselves Chingpaw; by far the most numerous hill tribe, they have spread far down the Irrawaddy. Formerly they were the great robber tribe of Northern Burma, but they are more peaceful and law-abiding nowadays.

Then there are the Nungs, a small scattered tribe inhabiting the densely-forested hills near the sources of the western Irrawaddy. Formerly they were sold into slavery by the Kachins and the Shans who inhabit Hkamti Long; but since the British came this practice has been prohibited. The Nungs are a docile, hardy people, accustomed to living on the starvation line.

A different people are the Lisu, who call themselves Lisu, which is convenient though unusual. We call few of the frontier tribes by a name which they themselves admit or even recognize. More often we adopt the name by which they were known to the dominant race before ever the British came to Burma, whether Burmese, Chinese, or Tibetan; and unfortunately, in the superior eastern way, such names were always mildly contemptuous. Neither Burmese nor Chinese ever bothered to discover tribal names for the ruder people on their borders; they were "wild men," "hill men," "jungle men," and that was enough.

The real home or the Lisu is the Salween Valley. But many of them have migrated westwards into the Irrawaddy jungle to escape from Chinese persecution, and this movement has become very marked of late years.

RED INDIANS OF THE
the Lisu tribe fro
in the character
They travel westw
r

# of JUNGLE DWARFS

irst Time by F. KINGDON WARD

A NUNG GIRL who is not sullen but bashful. Formerly her race were sold into slavery by the Shans

The Lisu lives largely by hunting, and keeps hunting dogs for this purpose. He is tall and strong, with well-marked features, prominent nose, and high cheek bones. Indeed he often has a Red Indian type of face—hatchet-like, with aquiline features, though his high cheek bones, slightly oblique eyes, and yellowish skin betray his alliance with the Mongolian race. A short knife in an open scabbard is carried on the right side—a peculiarity which distinguishes them from every other tribe on the frontier; but their real weapon of offence is the cross-bow, in the use of which they are adepts.

It is only within the last twenty or or thirty years that Tibetan settlements have been founded on territory claimed as belonging to British Burma. The entire Tibetan population under the Union Jack does not exceed 200, but the movement southwards is interesting. The people are natives of Zayril and Tsarong, and speak a dialect akin to, but different from the Lhasa or official dialect.

Compared with the other tribes of the Irrawaddy, the Tibetans are well - to - do. They have plenty of clothing. The men wear home-spun trousers, and long cloth boots soled with leather, and of course the heavy dressing-gown known as a chupa, universally worn in Tibet. Women also wear this garment.

E EAST: A member of rom the Salween Valley eristic bead headdress. cward to evade Chinese raiders

A NUNG MOTHER carries her baby on her back like a Redskin or Hottentot. The Nungs are glad to be under the British Raj as they were victims of Tibetan and Chinese slave raids

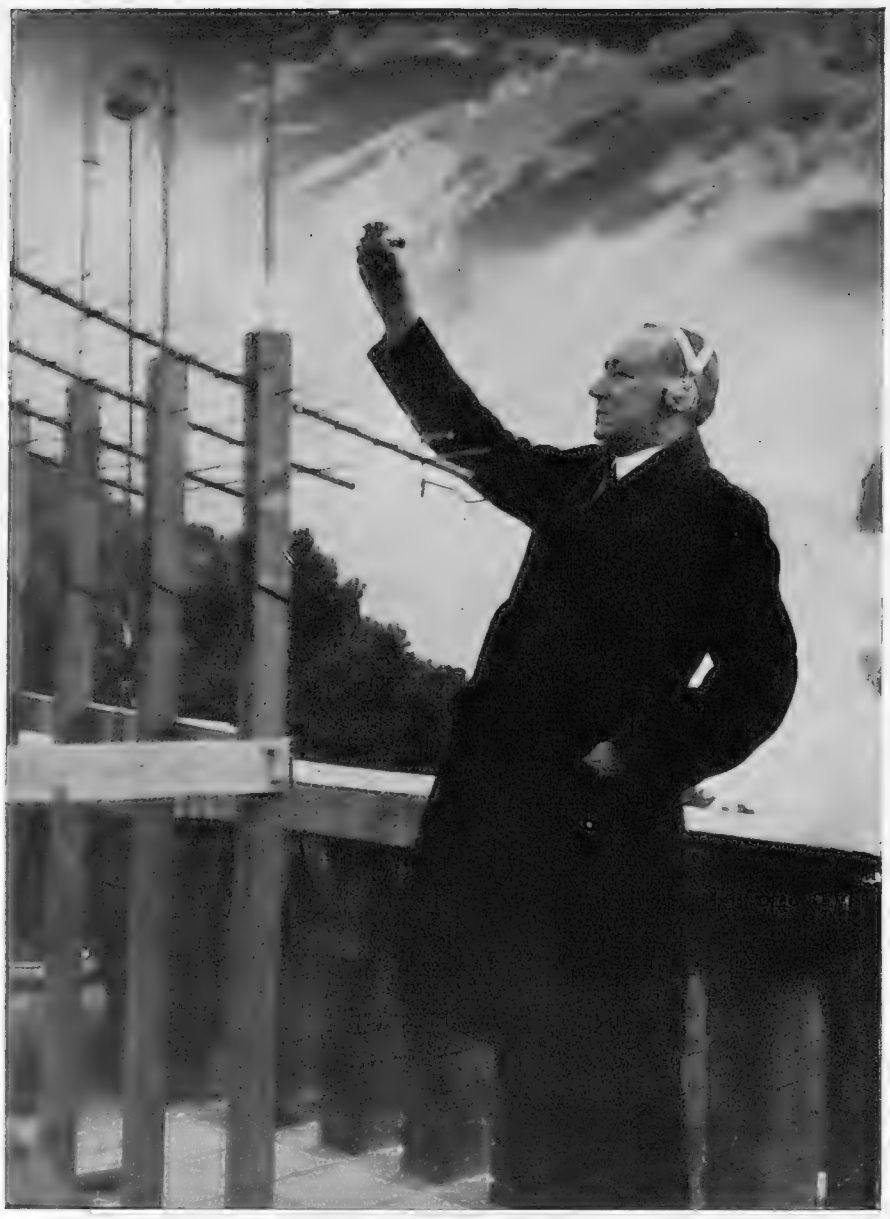
These Darus of the jungle lands under the Tibetan frontier mountains are really a more primitive type of Nung, and are the last tribe in Burma, inhabiting the valleys at the extreme sources of the Irrawaddy, where they are found up to 6,000 ft. altitude. There are very few of them. Disease, starvation, and constant raids by the Tibetans, who capture them for slaves, keep their numbers down; but most of all the inhospitable nature of the country does not permit of their easy existence.

The Darus are dwarfs—the males rarely exceed 4 ft. 10 in. in height, and the women are about 2 in. shorter. But they are sturdy in build, capable of great endurance. They carry 60 lb. loads through the jungle, up and down the cliffs with ease.

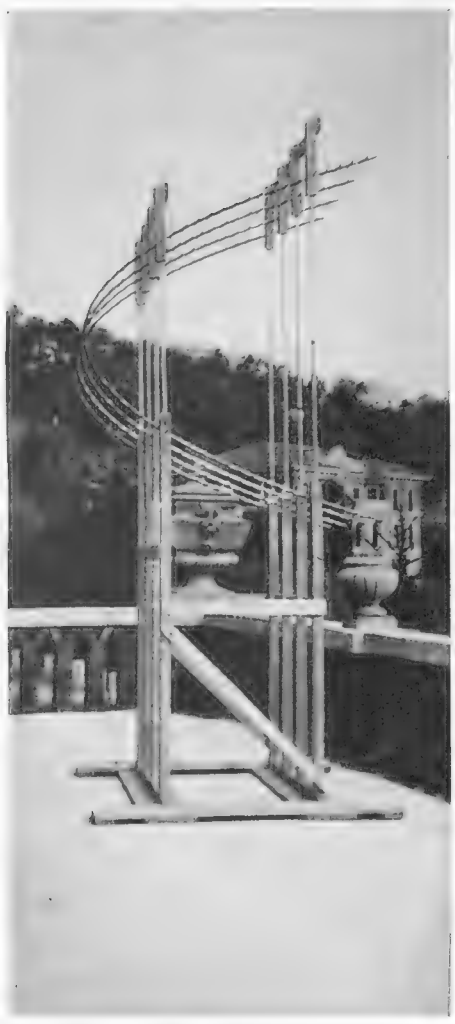
F. K. W.

A DARU OF THE JUNGLE LANDS: He bears a bag of black bearskins, a bamboo arrow case, and a short knife carried unsheathed. They are a primitive type of Nung. They are victims of starvation, disease, and Tibetan raiders

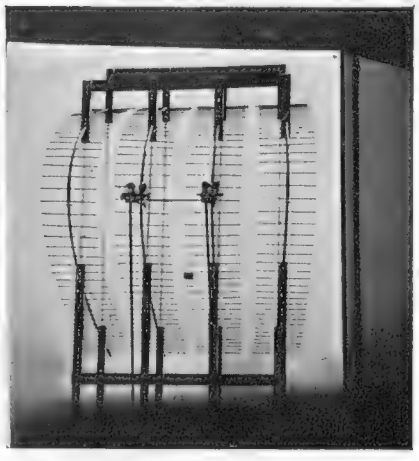
A TIBETAN OF THE ADUNG VALLEY: He is dressed in a native cloak or *chupa* (women wear this and nothing else) the material of which is spun and woven in his native land. His amulet is worn round his neck and the skin charm pouch is his most treasured possession. Tibetans feed better than most tribes of the Triangle



THE MAGICIAN: Senator Marconi at Levanto, the receiving station whither the short-ray experimental messages have been successfully sent. By this means a word spoken quietly from the transmitting station arrives loud and clear, through the diaphragm of the microphone, at the receiving station twenty-five miles away. By this means, also, one may direct one's voice to one definite locality only



AT THE RECEIVING STATION, a condenser inserted in the focus of another parabolic reflector gathers up the waves modulated by the voice



THE PARABOLIC REFLECTOR that forms the key to short-wave wireless telephony. These reflectors assist the generators in projecting the oscillations caused by the human voice. One or more parabolic reflectors are used to transmit, while another reflector, with a condenser in its focus, is used at the receiving station

THE MIRACLE of the ULTRA-SHORT WAVE

The Latest Marconi Magic enables a Message to be Accurately Directed to One Particular Spot instead of Broadcast to the World

A few days ago, on one of the delightful, half-sunny mornings which are characteristic of Liguria, Guglielmo Marconi carried out experiments with a new apparatus, with the aid of ultra-short waves (to which he has recently devoted further study and research), for radio-telegraphic communications between Santa Margherita and Levanto.

Some time ago, the famous scientist demonstrated the possibility of communication at a distance with ultra-short waves; he has now discovered the formula which solves the problem of generating and receiving these waves, and has constructed an apparatus which will permit of their practical use.

This was, indeed, the very crux of the problem: to render the utilization of ultra-short waves a commercial proposition and to design transmitting circuits which would permit of emitting waves of very much greater strength than those hitherto obtained. The problem has been completely solved by a brilliant compromise between the minimum, medium, and maximum effect, and thus the ultra-short wireless wave has passed from the scientific experimental stage to that of commercial utilization.

The new apparatus designed by Guglielmo Marconi combines the necessary increased power with the requirements of great practicability and of low cost. The extremely expensive electronic bulbs, for example, the duration of which is generally only a few hours, have been made capable, in their new method of use, of lasting for hundreds of hours and, as regards power, the new system permits of utilizing the output of two or more ultra-short wave generators arranged in series, thus obtaining, on the one hand, a greater radiation of energy, and on the other hand the possibility of concentrating and directing the wireless waves in the desired direction. A sound, a voice, sets the system in motion: acting on the generators which project their oscillations with the aid of one or more "parabolic reflectors" whilst, at the receiving station, a condenser inserted in the focus of another parabolic reflector gathers up the waves modulated by the voice at the end of their journey, which is accomplished at lightning speed.

Ultra-short waves are well known; they are of very high frequency, are not subject to the effect of atmospheric disturbances, and they can only be used between stations arranged in perfect alignment opposite each other under conditions of theoretical visibility; that is to say, which are not separated by promontories or mountains, or in any way by projecting obstacles. Direct communication by means of ultra-short waves cannot exceed a distance of 150 kilometres, because beyond this limit the curvature of the earth itself forms an obstacle.

In view of these characteristic features it will be possible to utilize the new apparatus, for example, on board ships and aircraft; the apparatus will permit of being used with incalculable advantage for military purposes — for one thing because communication by ultra-short waves is practically proof against interception—but it will, above all, permit of ensuring telephone communication between islands and the mainland. This applies to all the islands, including even the smaller and sparsely populated, for which so far the considerable cost of submarine cables has not been considered justified.

The experimental phase has now been completed: Guglielmo Marconi has rendered a further invaluable service to mankind and civilization. Nothing now remains but for the telephone subscribers to take the place of the scientist at the two ends of the apparatus, and that which is to-day regarded as astonishing as a blast of magic will suddenly become a commonplace.

"It is exceedingly simple," said Marconi, with his subtle and intriguing smile.

Engineer Mathieu, the young and capable lieutenant of the great scientist, adds, in French, which he knows as a Fleming:

"Nothing complicated. *Rien du tout.*"

At the experiment a layman was present who had long admired the burnished copper frames of the reflectors, the intense brilliancy of the bulbs, the delicate interweaving of the wires, the locked mystery of the coils, without succeeding in understanding anything and without being able to establish any relationship between so many very beautiful things. He was rather engaged in looking from the high terraces of the two Ligurian villas at Santa Margherita and Levanto, where the great scientist had erected his installations, at the sea, the foam-flecked shore, the bright landscapes with their slate roofs, and the sky filled with light autumn clouds. He was thinking that beneath that sky, within the indifferent landscape, between the two terraces, each concealed from the other by the hazy distance, the inimitable scientist was projecting sounds and voices, reflecting them at will like rays of light. And it seemed to him, thinking these things, that the substance, the wood and the metal of these apparatus had changed its nature, had lost the opaque heaviness of things, and had become the instrument of a benevolent magician.

As to magic, here it is: the word, pronounced quietly at a distance of 40 kilometres, arrives clearly and loudly at the other end of the invisible cable, revealed by the diaphragm of a microphone. Therefore, it was no longer a limited mastery over space traversed by a thousand vortices of sound, but absolute, precise, and mathematical dominion: to communicate across space, directing one's voice wherever desired, and only where desired; to emit the wave, follow and guide it and hold it in submissive captivity until it reaches the end of its celestial journey.

Magic, therefore. The layman looked at the scientist standing in front of his new creation, intent on listening to the voice, and it seemed as though his gesture was august and solemn, like an evocation.

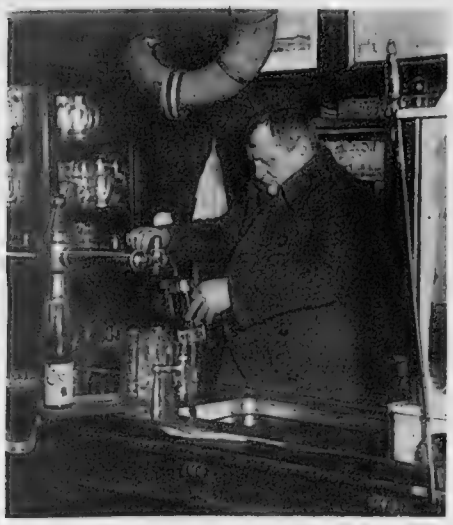
This language, however, does not appeal to Marconi. For him there are no miracles, nor even discoveries, but rather principles and applications. Science is made up of realities. He possesses the immovable certainty of the sages and confines his heroic life to the limits of a divine syllogism.

And he smiles the smile of the clairvoyant who descries ever-new possibilities in the future.

Translated from the Italian of

GIANNINO CARTA

NAPOLEON



NAPOLEON NEAR JENA: The barman at the inn, "The Nightingale on the Green Tree," at Cospeda bears a fantastic resemblance to "le petit Caporal"

THE MODERN NAPOLEON inevitably uses the latest scientific devices in his art as his prototype did in the military art. This Napoleon broadcasts the menu to the inn patrons

THE NAPOLEON OF COSPEDA shows strangers a little museum filled with relics of his great prototype. He dresses the part even to a Napoleonic blade!

Physical likeness has never played a more ironical trick than to give an innkeeper at Cospeda—supremely ironical is it that the village should be hard by Jena—the figure and features of the great Napoleon. Even as a boy of twelve Walter Lange longed to impersonate Napoleon; and the students of Jena, haunting, as is traditional with them, the historic old inn, *Im Grünen Baum zur Nachtigall*—a tavern visited by Goethe—might well believe that the First Consul had risen from his grave, shattering the crimson marble of his tomb, to serve behind a German bar. Lange has adopted the device of using a microphone to broadcast the bill of fare to his patrons seated in the garden, and takes everyone to his little museum of Napoleon relics. He dresses the part of the great soldier and girds himself with a blade of the period

THE SCALA, MILAN

GRACE: Attilia Radice in the ballet, *Belkis*, at the Scala, Milan. The ballet deals with the Queen of Sheba—the English spelling, as Kipling lovers will recall, is Balkis—and the music is by Ottorino Respighi

ECCLESIASTICISM ON THE STAGE: A scene from *Palla di Mozzi*, the book of which is by G. Forzano, Mussolini's collaborator; the music by Gino Marinuzzi; the scenery by A. Valente. The national character of the theatre is stressed by this agglomeration of great names

THE ARTISTIC HANDLING OF CROWDS and the suggestion of Oriental opulence in setting is a feature of the Scala, Milan. This picture shows a moment in the ballet, *Belkis, Regina di Saba*, the choreography of which is by C. Gunstalla; the music by Ottorino Respighi

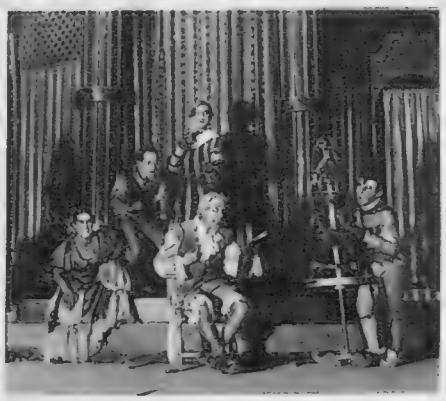
"THE FAVOURITE OF THE KING": A moment from the ballet by Arturo Rossato with music by Antonio Veretti; sketches by G. Salvini, and scenes by G. Grandi

The most famous opera house of Europe, the Scala, Milan, is little known in photography outside its own country, for hitherto pictures of its productions have never been offered for use outside Italy. Signor Carmuzzi's pictures, reproduced above, are thus the first to be seen outside that land

ZIONIST DRAMA

G.B.S. IN PALESTINE: A scene from *The Devil's Disciple*, one of the early "Plays for Puritans," written against Calvinism, at the Habina Theatre

THE TREASURE: A moment of curiously Russian atmosphere and stereoscopic quality in the production of this comedy at the Habina Theatre



AS *THEY* LIKE IT: A scene from *As You Like It* at the Russian-inspired Habina Theatre—one of the thriving Zionist establishments

POLITICAL SATIRE: A scene from a performance at the Matate Theatre. The baby represents the Mandatory Power

Thanks to the development of Zionism the Hebrew Theatre in Palestine has made great strides, especially the Jewish Workers' Theatre, Ohel, which has been in existence for eight years. The performers in this theatre are people who work all day at various trades in Tel-Aviv. The Hebrew Theatre, Habina, also enjoys a great reputation. This theatre, hailing originally from Moscow, from the school of Stanislowski, the celebrated Russian stage manager, has been established in Palestine for three years, but has lost none of its characteristic quality, as the second picture above—from "The Treasure"—clearly shows. There is also a satirical Hebrew Theatre, Matate, which produces plays satirizing life in Palestine. This theatre even produces satirical attacks on the Mandatory Power

THE LATE MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, whose diary makes fascinating reading, rivalling in its revelatory quality the journals of Pepys, Cellini, or Casanova

BOOKS:

Mr. Arnold Bennett's Diary—A Work of Outstanding Self-Revelation: Austria in Agony: Cheap But Far From Nasty Books

By CECIL ROBERTS

Arnold Bennett left a surprise for us after his death. It transpires that from the year 1896 until shortly before his death he kept journals in which he set down his thoughts and views upon people and things, giving the minute details of his own life even down to ailments, the number of words written each day, and the amount of money earned and spent.

From a point of view of general interest to the ordinary reader much of the present diary, *The Journals of Arnold Bennett. Vol. I. 1896–1910* (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), will seem tedious, but to the literary man and those generally interested in authorship the complete revelation of the career of a successful literary man will prove engrossing. Again and again one is tempted to ask, Was Arnold Bennett a man of genius? He was a man of tremendous industry, of clear sincerity of thought, with an absolute command of the domain of knowledge that he elected to cultivate. He knew well that there were many things of which he knew nothing, but the sphere he cultivated he examined and meditated upon in a spirit of ceaseless curiosity. One surprising fact emerges from this revealing book.

The general opinion, justified by the title of many of the man's books and of his downright way of expressing himself, together with that stolid long chin and well-set eyes, was that he was always cocksure. We know now that it was a pose. Arnold Bennett was a man very much afraid of himself. He was afraid of poverty, of not marching consistently towards success, he reproached himself with wasting time, and mercilessly drove himself to work. Inwardly he was a creature of doubts. While writing *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day* he moaned that the days were slipping by and that he must cultivate the habit of enjoying to-day.

At the age of twenty-nine an amateur palmist examined his hand. "He diagnosed my character with considerable accuracy and, prying into the future, found there wealth but not a long existence. The life-line, indeed, puzzled him." It seems to have puzzled Bennett, despite the cocksure exterior.

He died at sixty-five, and for the last fifteen years of his life his income must have been around ten to fifteen thousand pounds a year. If, as was reported, he received one hundred pounds an article for his book criticism in *The Evening Standard*, he was one of the most highly paid writers of the day. He took two large flats in Chiltern Court, knocked them into one, and had them decorated in the new art style. Bennett was always a little afraid of becoming out of date. He professed to like the work of the Sitwells and art-craft furniture. In his book criticism, latterly, he often made a desperate bid to applaud a new writer with a style that must have caused him severe internal pain.

But his shrewdness never failed him. It stands out in the level flood of this journal like the Inchcape Rock. A confession on his own work, made under the entry of January 28, 1897, is contradictory, but the contradiction is the essential Bennett. "An artist works only to satisfy himself, and for the applause and appreciation neither of his fellows alive nor his fellows yet unborn. I would not care a bilberry for posterity. I should be content, as an artist. As a man, I should be disgusted if I could not earn plenty of money and the praise of the discriminating." There we have the two Bennetts—the artist and the pot-boiler—and the two somewhat mixed. In the same year he writes, despite his self-assurance as a man: "Lately I have been depressed by apprehensions as to the future—the future of the paper and of my scheme for renting a house at Fulham. I have imagined all possible misfortunes and calamities."

I think he never felt quite secure about money, even in his affluent days. He once said to me upon this subject and his own early struggles, "When you are born poor, you are always poor."

There is nothing missed in these diaries. His appetite for life was omnivorous. He notices poor women on tramcars, the city clerk on a jury, the habit of shopkeepers, rich women, and solemn fools. He spares no one, not even himself or his relations.

"My grandfather it appears, at the age of seventy and odd, and after having been a long time a widower, began to pursue servant girls upon the outskirts of Burslem. . . . It is curious that, at such a time of life, the long repressed instincts of a man who had lived as a strict Wesleyan Methodist should at last have become unmanageable."

When at last he felt bold enough to furnish a house in Fulham Park Gardens, Bennett was still apprehensive of Fate. "I wonder, at the age of thirty, whether the game is worth the candle. I return with regretful fancy to the time when, with the lighter cares and the highest hopes that ignorance could induce, I lived in Raphael Street and in Cowley Street on about 15s. a week." Thirty years later nothing gave Bennett greater pleasure than the notion that he was the best-dressed man—he was one of the worst, being too thoughtfully formal—lived in one of the best quarters, and lunched at one of the best clubs. Outwardly his self-confidence would have registered A 1 at Lloyd's.

Bennett had a mind through which all things passed into print: "To-day, as I walked among all the nursemaids and mothers and loungers by the riverside, I was specially struck by the immense quantity of fine material which the novelist must ignore or only peep at in order to develop and utilize effectively his own particular chosen titbit." His eye had the Dickensian quality—it absorbed raw life. There is an unforgettable short sketch of a conversation with the driver of an old horse bus. Sometimes he was shrewdly prophetic. When he learned from a friend that he could not have pneumatic tyres on his motor-car in 1899 because they cost £40 and only lasted 3,000 miles, he wrote: "In twenty years this fact will acquire quaintness."

Although a steady, consistent worker, Bennett was not all method. He caught the fire at times. He finished *Anna of the Five Towns* at 2.45 in the morning after seventeen hours' continuous work. There is humour in this diary not always conscious. At 5 p.m. one June day in 1906 in the Forest of Fontainebleau he became engaged to marry Eleanora. On Friday, August 3, "at Caniel, my engagement to Eleanora was broken off. In the meantime I had, with utmost difficulty, finished my novel, *Whom God Hath Joined*."

There are some interesting glimpses of Bennett's fellow-craftsmen. He greatly admired Wells, though he found him hard and discontented about money, despite earning £3,000 in four months with *War in the Air*. That must have been a wonderful dinner-party at the Custs when Wells and Balfour were present, and the conversation was so engrossing that, despite the fact that the house upstairs was on fire, the host only absented himself for a few minutes and the footmen presented bath-towels with the port to protect them from the firemen's water coming through the ceiling. Is there any writer who, if he had the candour, could not confess to a feeling similar to that recorded by Bennett?—"noticed in myself a distinct feeling of jealousy on reading yesterday and to-day accounts of another very successful production of a play by Somerset Maugham—the third now running. Also, in reading an enthusiastic account of a new novelist in *The Daily News* to-day, I looked eagerly for any sign to show that he was not after all a really first-class artist."

His industry was tremendous. I doubt whether Edgar Wallace was more prolific in Bennett's best years. In 1908: "I have never worked so hard as this year, and I have not earned less for several years. But I have done fewer sillier things than usual," he records. In one year he had written *Buried Alive*, three-quarters of *The Old Wives' Tale*, *What the Public Wants*, *The Human Machine*, *Literary Taste*, half a dozen short stories including *A Matador of the Five Towns*, and over sixty newspaper articles, making a total of 423,500 words."

One reads with a smile, knowing the vagaries of the journalistic world, that Bennett, after being fêted by the *Manchester Guardian* staff—Mills, Mair, Montague, and Monkhouse—was surprised and aggrieved by the fact that they were cold to his next novel. One thing in this most readable diary fills me with regret. I never knew that Bennett had met that mysterious man of genius, Francis Grierson. I should like to have questioned him about this

(Continued on p. 408)

FERNANDO AUTORI

The two artists who alternate rôle at the great the Charell tradition

"HOLY MOTHER": The effective, if vent. The nuns, in their gauzy grey presented a very pretty sight to the in this spler

RECOMMENDED LIST

"Memory's Parade," by A. WALTER MYERS (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net); "Little Red Horses," by G. B. STERN (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net); "Royal Flush," by MARGARET IRWIN (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. net); "The Black Swan," by RAFAEL SABATINI (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net); "Ireland. The Blue Guides," edited by FINDLAY MUIRHEAD (Benn. 12s. 6d. net); "The Capital Question of China," by LIONEL CURTIS (L. Curtis. 10s. 6d. net).

OF THE PERIOD: Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. John Deverell, two brilliant artists who are poorly served by the authors. The gorgeousness of their costumes is typical of the production

CARNIVAL IN VENICE: A composite picture of the grand finale taken on the first night of the superb spectacle evoked at the Coliseum triumphant first night; *right centre*, Casanova is on the bridge with Laura (Soffi Schonning). Lieut. Hohenfeld

PLAYS: Spectacle Run Riot on Three Revolving Stages at the Coliseum: "What a 'Party'" at the Strand

By PHILIP PAGE

Not so very long ago the prospect of seeing a representation at the Coliseum of the arch-libertine of all the ages, Casanova, would have seemed about as likely as the performance of the Can-Can in St. Paul's Cathedral. For the Coliseum was the resort of the sturdily respectable, many of whom did not regard it as a theatre at all, theatres being on the list of the things they denied themselves. Nothing stronger than lemonade or cocoa could be purchased at its refreshment buffet. Sir Oswald Stoll would not allow (and, I believe, still does not allow) the word "damn" to be uttered on its stage.

ARTHUR FEAR
nate in playing the title-spectacle that carries on at the Coliseum

And now—O my brethren, the back-sliding! The bars are fully licensed. With Casanova on it the stage should surely be fully licentious. This last, however, has not quite happened. Sir Oswald must have read Casanova's memoirs—would he have permitted a stage version of the adventures of a man about whose private life he knew nothing?—but those who expect to find in *Casanova* the slightest resemblance to any one of them will be disappointed or relieved, according to the point of view. Whatever else this monster spectacle may be it is not improper.

criticized scene outside the Spanish con-vells and lace over pink satin dresses, eye and sang sweetly and slowly—a virtue did piece

Possibly some of the more permissible adventures will be added in course of time; for the authors have, as it stands at present, hardly made a successful job of it. They stood to be swamped by the spectacle and they knew it; so far they have my sympathy. Since subtlety is barred by the size of the place they have to go for broad effects in humour. But a strong and concise story could have been fashioned, somehow, even if they had had to invent one. And in all the bustle and noise and magnificence the delicious little episode about the oysters might have been popped in, if only to please the true Casanovans. Perhaps that will come along when there is an "r" in the month.

Herr Erik Charell, having, I believe, about £50,000 at his disposal to spend on *Casanova*, has done it well. He has taken the advice of Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado* (which he also produced on a grand scale some years ago), and has seen to it that no expense has been spared. The Coliseum auditorium is undeniably Venetian, and the transformation is at least as realistic as that undergone by Earl's Court Exhibition, which produced a *Venice in London* spectacle when I was a boy. This thoroughness has extended even to the orchestra, who are garbed in the period of *circa* 1760, at any rate as regards the upper portion of the players. For, peering over the orchestra-rail with insatiable curiosity during the interval, I noted that while the flute players were correctly breeched and buckle-shoed, the clarinet players were unmistakably 1932 about the legs, though Charles Surface from the waist up.

Casanova himself appears in the first scene, and has serenaded a lady-love, and successfully defended himself against a score of assassins before one has realized the curtain is up. We see him making love with indefatigable decorum for about three hours, even laying siege to the wily old heart of the Empress Maria Theresa herself. In the final scene he urges all Venice to love and laughter, since that is his philosophy of life. Signor Autori, of Covent Garden and caricature fame, was hardly romantic in the title rôle, but full of energy, and his somewhat rough voice impressed if it did not charm. But then, we are so used to tenor lovers, and the only one provided here, Mr. Ben Williams (also from Covent Garden), was kept very much in the background. Miss Soffi Schonning, to whom Casanova paid most of his attentions, is a good singer, and struggled without much success with English dialogue. Nor were Miss Grete Natzler's efforts with our difficult tongue any more happy, and in the course of one desperate attempt to get out an English sentence she fainted.

Miss Marie Löhr appeared rather late and made the hit of the evening as a superbly dignified Empress Maria Theresa. Miss Löhr is an excellent actress and her performance was perfect; but even if she had been but an eighth-part as good as she was she would have been accorded that ovation, simply because the audience were so relieved and delighted at last to hear their own language spoken as it should be spoken. With the exception of charming Miss Dorothy Dickson, looking very lovely in a part quite unworthy of her, we had, before Miss Löhr's appearance, to listen to, for the most part, the accents of painstaking foreigners or pantomime comedians. Those comedians, particularly Mr. Jack Barty, worked with a will; but their material was wretched and they are to be congratulated on having been as funny as they were. One of them talked about having a drink at the Elephant and Castle and, poor soul, I have no doubt he felt like it, Venice or no Venice, Casanova or no Casanova.

The nuns in pink silk and lace flounces (Ensemble number! "Holy Mary"—*vide* programme) were a much more serious mistake, and even if their song, duly "plugged," proves a sure-fire I am still of opinion that that episode should never have been included.

Sasha
GREAT CATHARINE'S BEDROOM figures in the Casanova story at the Coliseum. Miss Oriel Ross plays the Tsarina, the singing of whose traditional Corps of Guards is a strong point

The music, by Johann Strauss, with additions, is both effective and well played. I was not aware that any of the Strausses wrote "Two Lovely Black Eyes" (sung by a small boy), but it was good to recognize scraps of *Die Fledermaus* and some of the familiar waltzes. Waltzes in the Casanova period are, of course, an anachronism; but we can let that pass and regard *Der Rosenkavalier* as a precedent.

Hal Linden
MISS ORIEL ROSS, the very charming film star who is playing an idealized version of Catharine II, the famous or infamous Tsarina of all the Russias, in *Casanova*

Herr Charell's general production is both magnificent and artistic. The colour schemes are admirable and the dresses exquisite. Although *Casanova* is a dull and empty thing except as a feast for the eye, that feast is positively Heliogabalian. The final scene, Carnival in Venice, takes one's breath away. The stage picture when first disclosed struck me as a masterpiece—and not a soul applauded. Yet when the whole thing—St. Mark's Square, the Campanile, and so on—started to spin like a roundabout at a country fair (which is a thing they have never done yet and will, I trust, never do) the enthusiasm was hysterical. But the British public are like that. So why not be silly, since there is such frenzied demand for silliness?

Mr. Ivor Novello knows all there is to know about the party spirit. He gives parties and he goes to parties. He lives in a flat over the Strand Theatre which has been the scene of many parties. So what more natural than that he should write a play called *Party* and just trot downstairs and produce it on the Strand Theatre stage?

As a mirror of a certain rather unimportant aspect of London life this is a cleverly realistic piece of work. It is, except for some lapses of taste, fairly amusing. Whether it is intended to be a play as an addition to a cabaret entertainment, or a cabaret entertainment as an addition to a play I could not quite make out. In any case, it is "shop" and authentic "shop." Night after night parties are given to mark the production of new plays (that is the *clou* of *Party*) and night after night people shout at each other in flats and studios in the small hours. This atmosphere is supposed to be Bohemian but is nothing of the sort. Bohemianism died when actors forsook the Bodega and shabby astrakhan coats for golf and plus fours. I am not saying that this is a change for the better or for the worse. It has just happened.

So in Mr. Novello's play—if it can be called a play—two prominent characters are a baronet and his wife, and the aura of Quaglino's and the Embassy is over everyone. The author himself has too much sense to be a snob, and one result of this is that the most amusing episode is a squabble between a good-sort-but-gloriously-common type of actress and an old friend who has married into that state of life in which she prefers to forget grease-paint. Mr. Novello has an uncanny instinct for feminine cattiness.

If the supply of people is sufficient who are willing to pay to hear Miss Gladys Cooper called Gladys, and Miss Fay Compton, Fay, and everybody called "darling," including the butler, *Party* should have a long run. But I imagine those to whom its points make the most vivid appeal are those who will expect to come in for nothing.

Sasha
by the genius of Mr. Erik Charell. *On left*, Casanova (Fernando Autori) is singing from the balcony; *left centre* is a scene after the (Ben Williams) is in the foreground; *on right*, a moment of the impressive production on the revolving stage

Miss Lilian Braithwaite—solemn, dignified, and wittily malicious—gave a superb performance and managed to live up to Miss Elizabeth Pollock's imitation of her in the cabaret scene. Never shall I forget the tone in which, following Miss Pollock's announcement, she asked "Lilian Braithwaite? Is she an actress?" Mr. Douglas Byng gave, to the accompaniment of great applause on both sides of the footlights, the "turn" which has brought him fame on both sides of the Atlantic. Other portions of the cabaret were less successful.

Miss Norah Howard quarrelled divertingly with the right touch of vulgarity and Miss Benita Hume suggested at times a credible echo of—well, the programme note said no life-portraits were intended, which I cannot bring myself to believe.

NEWS FROM THE RAILWAY WORLD

WIRELESS COMMUNICATION is now the order of the day between H.Q. and the engines of the German State Railways. The engine is equipped with an aerial before the smokestack

Ewing Galloway

ONCE MORE ON AN EIGHTEEN-HOUR SCHEDULE: An impressive picture of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads star trains, Twentieth Century Limited, America's most famous train, between which and the Pennsylvania Railroad's eighteen-hour Broadway Limited considerable rivalry obtains. The 1,000 miles used to be covered in twenty hours

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TRAIN AND 'PLANE was established when an Imperial Airways liner spoke to the Flying Scotsman. It is claimed that this is the first conversation on record between 'plane and train. The former carried the usual equipment, but a special set was carried on the train. The air liner *Heracles* is seen following the famous express near Newark, Notts.

Charles E. Brown

REBALLASTING THE TRACK: Some 100,000 tons of ballast is annually taken from Meldon Quarry, Dartmoor, to be used on the Southern Railway permanent way; the ballast is laid usually by night. *On the left* the material is seen being tipped out on to the track by means of the "hoppers"; *on right* the ballast plough is seen levelling the ballast to the required depth as the train moves. By this means 400 tons are unloaded and spread by four men in thirty minutes

A DOG FIGHT

With a Honey Badger and Other Matters in and around Kruger National Park

MOVING DAY: Shangaan natives carry the frame roof of one of their huts, singing as they go

TRIANGULAR WARFARE: A thrilling fight between two dogs and a honey badger on the Bushveld, Eastern Transvaal. Natives aver that only by pulping the skull can honey badgers be killed. This specimen bested the two dogs and had to be put away with a crowbar. Honey badgers are fearless and will challenge anything, irrespective of size

THE MOST DANGEROUS BEASTS OF THE BUSHVELD: Sable antelope of the Eastern Transvaal. When wounded they strike at any angle with rapier-like horns, and are more than a match for a pack of dogs. They are respected even by lion

À L'OUTRANCE: Another moment during the fight between honey badger and dog seen above. The ferocity of the badger is clearly to be recognized in its face. An assegai flung in vain at the honey badger can be discerned in the picture

FOLDING UP A GIRAFFE SKIN is no easy task as it is over half an inch thick. This specimen was killed by a lion and natives were able to rescue the carcase before the lion had begun to feed. To carry the skin required five men

A TYPICAL "SUSPENSION" BRIDGE in Kruger National Park. It consists of a lot of logs tied together floating on the water. The sandy river bottoms make fording impracticable. Such bridges sustain even lorries

In a Class by Itself

RACKETEERS of WIMBLEDON

A Survey of Some Outstanding Tennis Personalities of To-day

THE FINEST DOUBLES PLAYER IN BRITAIN, G. P. Hughes, seen above in play with C. H. Kingsley, proves a difficult man for whom to find a partner. He is playing with I. G. Collins in the French Championships and used to play with Perry, who is too temperamental for doubles

INVOCATION to the high gods who watch over the destinies of services, volleys—and false decisions! The picture shows Miss Morfey playing in the Hurlingham Tournament

FIREWORKS are usually to be seen when Dr. J. C. Gregory and I. G. Collins are playing together. They ran Allison and Van Ryn to 10-8 in the fifth set two years ago, but the former has not sufficient time to play and the latter is trying G. P. Hughes as his partner in France

THE IDOL who will represent his country no more but still hopes to play at Wimbledon—Jean Borotra. *Above* is Henri Cochet looking surprised—but possibly not so surprised as his opponent when he receives the return! Cochet is as magic as ever

BRITAIN'S FIRST STRING: H. W. Austin, whose stamina is improved by his recent nasal operation, with Maskell, the All England coach

TEMPERAMENT is the only drawback F. J. Perry knows

THE ONLY ONE: Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, who is a "cert" for Wimbledon, has shingled her hair

AN ENGLISH HOPE: Miss Kathleen Stammers, who beat on successive days four of our leading players at Roehampton. *Above* is Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, who forms with Miss Nuthall the finest women's doubles team in the world

A duet for summer. Canary yellow crêpe delicately embroidered in green, gold, and cherry red combine to make this neckerchief and bag from Debenham and Freebody

LOOK THEM OVER

Below—An evening pochette in white angel skin with a pearl ornament is shown on the left of a striking scarlet and white bag for day time, in the new straw. Cyclamen velvet embroidered in gold thead and "sapphires" compose the evening bag at the top which completes a trio from Debenham and Freebody

To enjoy to the full the delicate fragrance of a favourite perfume one must possess a perfume burner. The decorative specimen above is from Floris, Jermyn Street

On left—In having a diagonal design this bag and scarf have earned their stripes, so to speak. Obtainable in several combinations of colouring from Debenham and Freebody

Below—That one may enjoy the delicacy of a perfume specially created for summer the Red Rose fragrance has been applied to every kind of toilet accessory by Floris of Jermyn Street

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

TWO LONDON HOMES

A Reconditioned House in Mayfair and a Blending of the Old and New by Oliver Hill

PANELLED DIGNITY: The first floor landing, leading to the drawing-room. The pine panelling harmonizes with the wine-red damask hangings which are matched by an antique Ming cabinet in wine-red lacquer standing on a black wood base

AN OLIVER HILL STAIRCASE: This beautiful modern ascent has steps of a milk-white composition with a balustrade of green cellulosed wrought iron. The hand-rail is in bronze. The floor of the superb hall is paved in honey-coloured terrazzo marble with bands of silver and glass mosaic

In the principal bedroom the panelled walls are painted cream with mouldings picked out in blue and rose. The carpet is dark blue, and the beds are in raised leather with decorations in Chinese lacquer. The fireplace is a genuine Louis Seize example

The library is comfortable, practical, and homelike, and is lined with books from floor to ceiling. The green carpet is reflected in the light sea-green barred roof. The fireplace is in Swedish green marble and beige travertino. The antiquity of the furniture blends admirably with the modern settings

In the nursery the walls and ceiling are painted sunshine yellow deepening to pale rose and terra-cotta near the skirting. Against the wall on the left are some useful fitted toy cupboards. The chairs and window curtains are terra-cotta

The three pictures on the left-hand side of this page show aspects of the house of Mr. and Mrs. George Calvocoressi, 31, Green Street, W. 1. Remarkable changes have been made in it, for it was originally an ordinary nineteenth century house, but has now been completely transformed and has been given a classical character. The three pictures on the right show settings in Upper Terrace House, Judges' Walk, Hampstead Heath. On entering it you find yourself in a beautiful, dignified, almost monumental hall. In the glazed shell pink walls are six symmetrically placed doors, which are veneered in maple burr and have fine marble architraves and pediments. The door handles and the lanterns are silver, while the room gets colour from the bleached pine tables with green marble tops and one portrait which contains a rich Venetian red.

In the drawing-room, modern materials make a perfect setting for antique furniture. The room is flush-panelled, with curtains of beige satin. The sconces are silver, and jade and crystal ornaments decorate the light niches

MAINLY for WOMEN

Paul Tanqueray

LADY DASHWOOD, the charming wife of Sir John Dashwood, Bt., the premier Baronet of Great Britain, whose seat is West Wycombe Park

MISS VERENA HOLMES, President of the Women's Engineering Society. A research engineer and inventor, Miss Holmes is especially interested in locomotive construction. Her latest poppet valve gear was discussed at the recent conference of the society

MISS MARY MACMANUS, a Glaswegian who has made a reputation as a mannequin in Paris. She is seen displaying a summer dress of red and beige crêpe de chine with a red leather belt. Miss Macmanus is one of several British girls to establish themselves as mannequins in Paris

THE SHORT COAT, which has become the rage so quickly, performs a welcome function in cheering up an all black frock. This model is carried out in light-weight crêpe, the gown of black being relieved by the coatee in green, white and black stripes

Paul Tanqueray

SISTERS: Lady Brougham and Vaux and Mrs. Vyvyan Drury. These two charming members of young society are grand-daughters of the late Earl French of Ypres, Commander-in-Chief of the Old Contemptibles

MISS JILL ROGERS, the daughter of an English evangelist in the south of France, who gets a guinea for attending children's parties as a *raconteuse*

LOCAL "COLOUR": The Hon. Nancy Cunard, who has recently spent some time in Harlem, the negro colony of New York, collecting material for a book on the coloured race and conducting pro-negro propaganda. Miss Cunard is seen above with Mr. J. Banting and Mr. T. Gordon, two members of Harlem's artistic colony

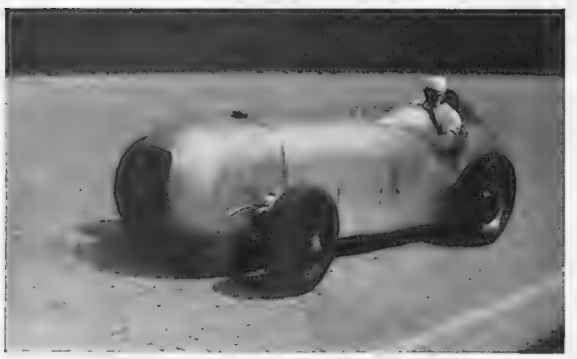
A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES

and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of **HAIG—**

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

A TWO-ROAD TOLL-HOUSE: Allesley Toll House, Warwickshire, unique because it once took toll from two roads simultaneously, is now to be demolished to afford widening of the London-Manchester main road

THE TRIALS OF A TANK: During the recent War Office Mechanical Trials in North Wales these baby tanks were put to many severe tests. One of them is seen above negotiating a stiff gradient typical of the district



THE ADAC MOTOR RACE: Herr Manfred von Brauchitsch in the Mercedes-Benz in which he won from Caracciola (Alpha Romeo) in the "over 1,500 c.c." event on the Avus track

FOOD FOR CAUTION: A grim warning exhibited on a steep hill in the Cotswolds, where many country cottagers have been called upon to administer first aid to unwary drivers

DUMB ELOQUENCE: An unusual sign recently erected on the Lichfield road outside Stone

THE HALF-WAY SIGN: A striking mile-post attached to a sign at Wetherby, Yorks

* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE ROLLS-ROYCE "PHANTOM II." —This week I am going to report on the road performance of the latest "Phantom II" 40–50 h.p. Rolls-Royce. I, like all writers on motoring topics, find a greater difficulty in giving an accurate account of my experiences with this car than in the case of any other motor vehicle. I am almost bound to use superlatives with the result that those readers who have not tried one of these cars themselves are likely to imagine that I am exaggerating. It has been said that there is motoring and "Rolls-Roycing," and the more I try this famous car the more I am convinced that this differentiation is justified.

The "Phantom II" is generally recognized as the world's finest motor car, and after a week-end, sometimes at the wheel and sometimes in one of the passenger seats of one of these cars, I must say that this statement is correct. It is indeed pleasing to realize that the world's finest motor car is a hundred per cent. British. Every country in the world knows the name Rolls-Royce and it is used, not only to signify the best in motor cars, but the best in any other branch of industry. Surely no greater compliment could be paid by foreign countries to British genius.

THE BODY AND CONTROLS.—As regards the actual car which I tested, it was a Continental Touring Saloon, having accommodation for five people. I should say this particular car is probably the most pleasing looking vehicle on the road to-day. The main colour scheme was duck egg blue though officially it is called, I believe, French grey. The bodywork is neat, plain but good, and inside there is the utmost comfort for five full-sized people. The coachwork of this particular model is by Park Ward and Company Limited.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the "PHANTOM II" 40-50 h.p. ROLLS-ROYCE

Engine—6 Cylinders.	Pedal Brakes—Servo assisted of Rolls-Royce Patented Design.
Bore and Stroke—4¼ inch and 5½ inch.	Hand Brake—Independent Set on Rear Wheels.
R.A.C. Rating—43.3 h.p.	Suspension—Semi-Elliptic Springs, Front and Rear Rolls-Royce Hydraulic Shock Dampers.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.	
Gear-box—Four Speed Forward and Reverse.	
Rear Axle—Full Floating Type.	

Manufacturers:

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

The first impression I received when taking up my position behind the steering wheel was the terrific length of the bonnet in front. Owing to its straight lines this length is an advantage because one can sight the car when passing traffic as one would a gun. The side lamps on the extreme edge of the wings also assist a strange driver in gauging the width of his vehicle. The driver immediately finds that all the controls are placed just in the correct position and this immediately gives a feeling of comfort. My instructions were to start off in third and immediately get into top. And although the gear box provided me with a first and second gear I never found any necessity to use them.

The journey I took was from Brooklands to Selsey via Bookham. The road after passing Godalming is always fairly narrow, has plenty of gradients and can probably boast of more bends to the mile than any other road of the same length in England. During my journey I never once came off top gear unless traffic brought me to a standstill, when third was used. Needless to say I was more than impressed with the way the car accelerated on top gear after being slowed down on the gradients out of Hazlemere and the village of Cocking in Sussex. Driving this Rolls-Royce is really child's play, for, as I have said, one never changes gear unless brought to a standstill; and even when accelerating on top gear on stiff gradients the driver merely presses the accelerator pedal hard down on the floor boards, the car doing the rest, including advancing its own ignition. I will not pretend that I stretched its legs at all, as opportunity never allowed me to exceed 70 m.p.h., but I am told that it will do 90 m.p.h. and I can quite well believe it.

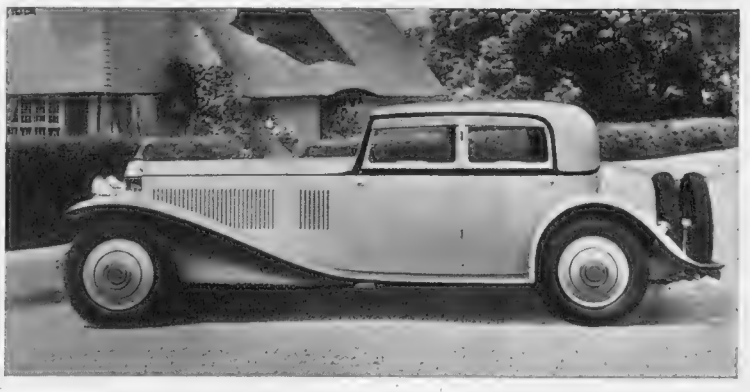
UNCANNY SILENCE.—I found I had to keep an eye on the speedometer needle because speed on this car is surprisingly deceptive, there being no noise to give the usual indication as to how fast the car is travelling. Ten miles an hour is just the same as seventy miles an hour as far as noise is concerned.

It is a little difficult to convey in words the degree of silence which has been obtained by the makers, but perhaps I can give a slight indication to readers who own cars of fairly high grade. If they will descend the next hill that they come to by putting their gear lever into neutral and switching off the engine the sensation thus gained is something akin to that of travelling in a Rolls-Royce at any speed within its range.

It is one of the few cars I have ever driven that has brakes in keeping with the high quality of its power unit. A look at the chassis with particular attention to the brakes will show that an immense amount of time and thought has been spent in perfecting this most important part. People in other cars often imagine that Rolls-Royce drivers are travelling dangerously fast and doing things which drivers of less expensive cars would not contemplate. If these other drivers could only sit behind the wheel of a Rolls they would realize that at seventy or even at higher speeds the Rolls is as controllable and as safe as most other cars are at twenty m.p.h.

The suspension is almost uncanny. Travelling light or with a full complement of passengers on board, all jolts and bumps appear to be absorbed before the occupants are reached. Even turning round a sharp corner the body remains on an even keel, and as for holding the road at speed the car might be running on rails like a train.

VALUE FOR MONEY.—The price of this particular car I tried is £2,542, and £25 extra for a sunshine roof. Some people might think that this must be a very expensive motor car and that there must be a terrific profit for the makers. First of all the Rolls is not expensive insomuch that it is good value for money, and secondly, the makers do not receive an abnormal profit from the sale of a car because they make, themselves, such parts as dynamos and other electrical equipment, to say nothing of shock absorbers, etc., merely because they consider that only they themselves can make accessories of the same high standard to which they work on all other parts of their products. Where the output of such accessories is limited the cost of manufacturing them must be fairly high. Again, when one buys a Rolls-Royce one has to pay for more than the actual car received. Even with the strictest supervision in buying raw materials and in the processes of manufacture the company scrap more than any other motor manufacturer would dream of doing and naturally such parts thrown out must be paid for. The buyer willingly does this so that he may be certain he is getting the very best that can be produced. I have been over many factories, but at Derby I have seen this weeding-out process carried farther than most people would believe possible. Even the side-members of a frame are matched together so that one is dead true to the other. The ordinary person would imagine such a precaution was quite unnecessary, but Rolls-Royce, Limited, believe in perfection and nothing short of that will they pass on to their customers.



THE LATEST "PHANTOM II" which Mr. Percy Bradley subjected to a number of tests, the results of which are described by him in the accompanying article. The coachwork of this particular model is by Park Ward and Co., Ltd.

MR. T. G. JOHN, creator of the famous Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., and Managing Director of that company since its inception twelve years ago. Mr. John started life as a marine engineer apprentice in H.M. Dockyard, Pembroke

A.A. NEWS.—Although weather conditions in many parts of the country were disappointing during the Whitsun holidays, the Automobile Association patrols assisted 262,486 members on the roads. Over 1,360 members obtained running supplies such as petrol, oil, water, etc., and mechanical assistance was rendered to 4,126 members whose cars and motor-cycles suffered minor breakdowns, etc. The patrols answered 257,000 roadside inquiries covering road and general touring information. The A.A. touring department issued over 20 per cent. more holiday routes than were called for last Whitsun, and in addition the Twenty-four Hour Emergency Service (maintained at the London A.A. Headquarters) dealt with a greatly increased number of applications for interesting short tours and day drives.

R.A.C. NEWS.—A warning is issued by the R.A.C. in connection with the concession recently announced by the Minister of Transport permitting motorists to lock the doors of their cars when they are left in public parking places. Motorists are reminded that this concession applies only to the London Traffic Area. It is hoped that it will very shortly be extended throughout the country, but in the meantime the R.A.C. suggests that whenever a car is left in a parking place outside the London Traffic Area the driver should ask the attendant in charge if it is permitted to leave the doors locked.

AT FIRST—*it was just a small bottle with my lunch at a restaurant*

THEN—*I liked it so much that we ordered two flagons for the children to try*

NOW—*I buy it by the case—it costs only 10½d. per Screw Flagon (6 glasses)*

Thus Grows the Wonderful Demand for

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Non-alcoholic Medium-sweet Sparkling

MADE FROM APPLE-JUICE

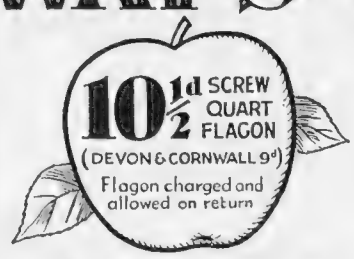
as used for

WHITEWAY'S CYDER

Although the percentage of alcohol in our regular brands of Cyder is not excessive, many people want a similar fruit beverage, but quite free from alcohol. The apple has always been recognised as the best of fruits, and Cydrax contains all its valuable health-giving properties. It is of medium sweetness, with the soft, thirst-quenching sub-acidity of the apple, and its delightful sparkling character—so full of bubbling life—makes it the ideal temperance drink.

CYDRAX CUP RECIPE

1 flagon Whiteway's Cydrax	10½d.	*2 tablespoons white sugar*	1d.
1 bottle dry ginger ale	4d	*Juice of 1 lemon (leave 2 slices in)*	1½d.
½ glass raspberry (or other fruit) syrup	3d.	*1 orange (or fresh fruit if in season)*	2d.
Ice if available		*Total*	1s. 10d.



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Princess Dress of printed chiffon particularly suitable for Bridesmaids, featuring the long graceful lines. In attractive patterns. Sizes: 42 and 44 ins.

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CONTINUATIONS

BOOKS *(Continued from p. 396)*

most remarkable essayist and improvisatore musician. Even Bennett found him mysterious, with his wig, dyed moustache, and unwrinkled face.

When some months ago I published a novel that showed the aftermath of War in Vienna, a few critics were inclined to think I had overdrawn my scenes and made them too harrowing. There comes to hand now in *Blockade*, by Anna Eisenmenger (Constable. 7s. 6d.), the diary of an Austrian middle-class woman which covers the years 1914–1924. I would like every person with a heart to read this excellent account of an heroic little woman's fight against ruin and famine. It is a saga of nobility of character. How Frau Eisenmenger contrived to come through her crucifixion passes my comprehension. The book deals chiefly with the years following the War, and closes in 1924 when a new currency ruined all who had any investments. It is written with that great skill that often awaits on the non-literary person writing under extreme emotion. I recommend this book most heartily. It touches the very depths of the heart.

There never was a time when excellent books were cheaper and produced with finer taste. The pioneer was Mr. Dent with his "Everyman" series, which gladdened the youth of so many of us.

Messrs. Dent are still foremost among those who achieve miracles. They have just issued the final eleventh and twelfth volumes of *Everyman's Encyclopedia*. These are published at 5s. 6d. each, and the price is no indication of the very high quality of the production both in contents and style.

And now we have the "Faber Library," a series of 3s. 6d. reprints, excellently produced. The first six volumes from Messrs. Faber and Faber include *Under the Red Ensign*, by H. M. Tomlinson, and *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*. Mr. Tomlinson is grim and revolutionary. The red ensign is the flag of British shipping. He makes a tour of the seaports of Britain, and reminds us of a gardener turning up rock plants to find thousands of unpleasant forms of life crawling about. Mr. Sassoon's classic requires no recommendation. It improves with the years.

Chester-Belloc fans will welcome *The Postmaster-General*, by Hilaire Belloc, with thirty sketches by G. K. Chesterton (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.). It is the story of a Postmaster-General in the Government of 1960, a sly study of political corruption.

THE CLERGYMAN WHO RUNS THE DERBY

(Continued from p. 389)

The announcement of the first race for the Derby Stakes appeared in the following terms:—

"Thursday, May 4, 1780. The Derby Stakes of 50 guineas each, half forfeit for three-year-old colts, 8 st.: and fillies, 7 st. 11 lb. One mile (36 subs.)." That first race was won by the favourite, Sir Charles Banbury's chestnut colt Diomed, which started at 6 to 4, and was one of a field of nine. In some of its main characteristics the race for the Derby is run on the same lines now as it was in the beginning. For instance, the stakes (now 100 sovs.) still amounted in 1926 to the original 50 sovs. per entry, although, owing to the increasingly large number of horses entered, the prize itself has greatly appreciated in value. This is readily recognized by comparing the facts that in 1780 the stakes amounted to £1,125, all of which money was taken by the winner, whereas in modern times the winner's share has always been upwards of £10,000, and in addition there have been small sums such as £400 and £200 for the second and third horses respectively. Weights have been altered several times, but the present scale, 9 st. for colts and 8 st. 9 lb. for fillies, has been in force since 1884. The day of the week to be distinguished by the great race has wavered between Wednesday and Thursday, changing from one to the other on more than one occasion. But since 1838 the Derby has always been run on a Wednesday, the Derby week being arranged variously for the last week of May or the first week of June.

Most of the anecdotes of the Derby are too well known to repeat at length—such as the dead-heat in 1884; Lord Chaplin's £150,000 win in the snowstorm with The Hermit in 1867; the victory of Bloomsbury in the snowstorm of 1839; the victory of Galtee More at 4 to 1 on; and of Jeddah at 100 to 1 against. But it is worth recalling a question of identity, which to the minds of some people has never been finally cleared up, despite the verdict of the stewards of the time, in connection with the victory of the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or in 1880. A stud groom came forward with the statement that Bend Or and another colt called Tadcaster had been accidentally mixed up as yearlings, with the result that the horse known as Bend Or was really Tadcaster and vice versa.

This evidence was regarded with some suspicion, as the stud groom was under notice to leave his employment at the time, and it was suggested that he was choosing this method of "getting his own back." The stewards decided against the allegation and upheld the course placings as the result of the race; but the stud groom on his deathbed a few years later reasserted his contention that Bend Or was really Tadcaster, and it is said that a comparison of the later progeny of the respective mothers of the two horses tended to suggest by their appearance that a confusion of the two yearlings had actually occurred.

What seems really remarkable, though, is that with only one exception every single Derby winner goes back to one of three original sources, the Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk, or the Godolphin Arabian. The exception was Aimwell who won in 1785, so it is long enough ago not to matter. What is even more remarkable is that the Derby is not a mile and a half long. It is twenty-nine yards longer. Not even Mr. Dorling knew that, and yet it is the last twenty-nine yards which alters the fortunes of millions of people and the destination of millions of pounds all over the world. In the official books it is described as "about a mile and a half." That must be about the longest and most dramatic "about" in the world.

FRANCO-GERMAN ANOMALY *(Continued from p. 383)*

I wonder what that World Court at The Hague ever does for a living? Surely, by all that's plainest, here's a case for the exercise of its Olympic counsel? The Saar stands squarely in the path of Franco-German appeasement. The thing apparently is to ignore it until it hits us in the eye. So it seems to be with an increasing number of things nowadays.

The plans of mice and men have gone all wrong in the Saar. Tardieu (the real French metteur-en-scène), with all the trumps in his hand, banked steeply in 1919 on the ultimate octopus attraction of France over the "Sarrois." For several years now the Quai d'Orsay has been resigned to the contrary. France having been given the Saar to recoup on Lens, and all chance of her winning the plebiscite having long vanished, ought she not in equity to go? The more so in that a growing section of her opinion is inclined to look upon the Saar as a competitive encumbrance? No. Paris intends more than ever to flourish every bargaining asset she possesses, and here is a major one. It may be playing with powder trying to hang on until 1935 in search of an "accommodation" in lieu of that phantom £140,000,000, but the present intent is to do so, an added incentive being that in 1935 certain further bargaining assets, not currently possessed, will pass to the Republic.

And so we hitch ourselves ever more serenely on to our dynamite barrel.

Time? What is time?

Yet, don't let us get too sloppy about the Germans and their Saar. For my part, I said to a loquacious commercial traveller at Saarbrücken: "Your declared conquest programme included the annexation of the Briey ore basin for working in with the Saar. Would YOU have given it up after fifteen years?"

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BLANKENBERGHE: The Digue and the Kursaal at this popular resort

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

IN and ABOUT BELGIUM

By CLIVE HOLLAND

(Author of A Wayfarer in Belgium, *etc.)*

Belgium has long been a favourite holiday ground with English and other tourists who flock to the sea coast towns from all parts of the Continent.

But Belgium is not all sea coast, though its magnificent sands and splendid bathing prove a lure to so many during the summer months. There are also almost numberless ancient and picturesque towns; a charming capital city, Brussels, reminding one of Paris in the brightness of its life; treasures of art and architecture almost wherever one turns; and in the valley of its great river, the Meuse, delightful scenery, and to the eastward of the river the beautiful woodlands and sparkling streams of the Ardennes.

Belgium, it will be seen, has much to offer the holiday-maker of various tastes. Travelling in Belgium, too, is a simple matter by reason of the fact that for comparatively small cost one can obtain season tickets for various convenient periods of time, franking the traveller over all the system of the Belgian National Railways, and allowing one to break the journey as often as one wishes at any chosen point. A great convenience and inducement, indeed, to travel by train.

Let us first deal with some of the many attractive seaside towns east and west of that great holiday resort, Ostend. The latter needs little description, for its fame is world-wide. Eastward, one has in Blankenberghe an equally bright and enjoyable resort, with a Digue (sea-front), a magnificent stretch of sands for bathing, fine hotels, the usual amusements one looks for including tennis, golf, and other sports. It is less expensive than its great rival, but for the family type of holiday-maker even more enjoyable.

Seven miles east and one comes to Knocke-sur-Mer, a delightful little resort with splendid sea-bathing (also in a lake), a casino for entertainments of all kinds, three 18-hole golf courses and two excellent miniature courses, and some War relics in the shape of dug-outs and batteries amid the sand dunes. There is a number of interesting places to which to make excursions, including Zeebrugge of immortal memory, and interesting Sluis just over the Dutch frontier.

Le Zoute, a smaller place of a similar character to Knocke, adjoins it; and, indeed, the amusements and life of the two towns overlap and are in a sense pooled.

Westward of Ostend lies La Panne, which is the last Belgian resort before the French frontier and Dunkerque. It has the distinction of being one of the most picturesque of Belgian coastal towns, as it is partly wooded and lies amid the sand dunes between Nieuport and Dunkerque. So level and fine are the sands that the sport of sand yachting is quite a feature of the amusements.

Two ancient towns which lie not very far back from the sea coast never fail to attract visitors and tourists. One is Bruges, that wonderful survival of an ancient medieval city known formerly as "Bruges la Morte" because of its tranquil and somnolent kind of life, but since the coming of the motor car a bustling place in the tourist season. The other is historic Ghent. Neither town should be overlooked by holiday-makers, for both have much of charm and interest in their picturesque canals, beautiful architecture, magnificent churches, and atmosphere of the past which still clings to them in spite of modern developments. In addition, Bruges boasts of some of the most wonderful examples of medieval art in the pictures of Hans Memling and other masters to be found in Europe.

The charm of Bruges lingers long in the memory. Before leaving this part of Belgium one should go on from Ghent, famous for its Cathedral, flower market, and Chateau des Comtes, to Tournai, if only to see a typical and pleasant Flanders city of the Western Front, and its magnificent and historic Cathedral.

What can one say in a few words of Brussels that will convey to the reader in full the interest and charm of that delightful "Paris in Little," which has also an individuality and allurement all its own? It is a city of lovely parks and open spaces, wide modern boulevards and intriguing by-streets some of them historic and ancient, fine public buildings, the ancient represented by the far-famed Hôtel de Ville, the Church of St. Gudule and the Maison du Roi, while the modern element is found in the Royal Palace, the magnificent Law Courts high above the city, the Gallery of Modern Art, the Bourse, and many others.

Antwerp, the great Belgian port, is a city of great historic and commercial interest. It is less than an hour by train, and by expresses considerably less from Brussels, and possesses many attractions for the holiday-maker. The life there is quite different from that of the capital, and one hears on every hand Flemish being spoken, instead of French as in Brussels. One reaches it through a countryside of flat, well-cultivated fields and poplar-bordered roads, with here and there a small town or scattered village.

Its great pride is, of course, the wonderful Cathedral, whose lace-like and lofty spire is a landmark for many miles. In it gathered together one has some of the finest of Rubens' paintings, to see which tourists come from all over the world.

Antwerp is rich in churches, fine public buildings such as the Royal Flemish Opera House and Art Gallery, and has much of interest for holiday-makers of all types.

From Antwerp Liége is readily reached, and in this historic city, so picturesquely placed on both banks of the jade-coloured Meuse, one is at the gate, as it were, of some of the loveliest and most romantic scenery in all Belgium. Liége is the chief town of the Walloon district, a great manufacturing place, and once the seat of a powerful succession of Prince-Bishops, whose beautiful erstwhile palace, with many fine architectural features, now houses the Law Courts and other public offices.

From the Citadel, towering above the city more than 500 feet above sea level, and from the Charteuse on the opposite bank magnificent prospects of the Valley of the Meuse are obtained.

The Valley of the Meuse is, indeed, beautiful, and there are many charming little villages along its banks that are favourite holiday and fishing resorts with the Belgians. Among the most attractive, where there is good if somewhat limited accommodation for visitors, we may mention Huy, with its fine seven-arched bridge, ancient castle, twin-towered Church of Notre Dame, and picturesqueness which is becoming better known. Then there is pleasantly situated Namur, at the junction of the Sambre with the Meuse, the scene of early and fierce fighting in the War, with its ancient bridge, said to date from Julius Cæsar's day.

Of Dinant, early wiped out during the War, so quaint and charming, with its "Gibraltar of Belgium" towering above the river, everyone has heard. From it one can visit many pleasant places and explore the lovely valleys of the Ardennes, with their sparkling streams and beautiful woods.

Spa, set in the heart of "Belgium's Switzerland," as the Ardennes have been named, is a delightful spot. Not only a health resort with famous mineral springs, but also a fashionable holiday place with the attraction of its own beauty, surrounding loveliness, all sorts of amusements and facilities for sports including golf, boating on and bathing in the lake, tennis, shooting, fishing, and it also possesses a fine casino and a racecourse. The climate of Spa is delightful, and the social life in the season is very bright and gay.

Houffalize, more than 1,000 ft. above sea level, the capital of the Upper Valley of the Curthe, is fast coming into favour and is a finely-situated summer resort. It has a very striking Abbey Church which can be seen from a great distance. It is a good centre for excursions to places of interest.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, with delightful places such as Arlon, its capital, situated on an elevated tableland that is well wooded and commanding wide views, some of the finest in this part of Belgium, and some charming scenery, has an increasing vogue as a tourist resort and is a good centre for excursions.

BRUSSELS: The east side of the Grand' Place with the house of Victor Hugo

ANTWERP: The interior courtyard of the Musée Plantin, the famous printing house

LIÉGE: The façade of the Palais des Princes Evêques, with its statues and panels

GHENT: A vista of towers and pinnacles which greets the visitor to this historic city

BRUGES: The wonderful belfry with its soaring crown reflected in a canal

TOURNAI: A general view of the Cathedral, showing its five towers and the flying buttresses which support the high-pitched roof

SPA: An overhead view of the famous watering-place in the Ardennes, known with justice as "the Belgian Switzerland"

LUXEMBOURG: View looking down the valley showing the big viaduct and the little road bridge beneath

OSTEND: The Kursaal and the sunny Digue at this famous seaside resort which has every amenity one can desire

NAMUR: The wooded valley of the Meuse seen from one of the ramparts of the Citadel

KNOCKE: The pleasant frontage of high-pitched buildings which overlook the sunny beach at Knocke

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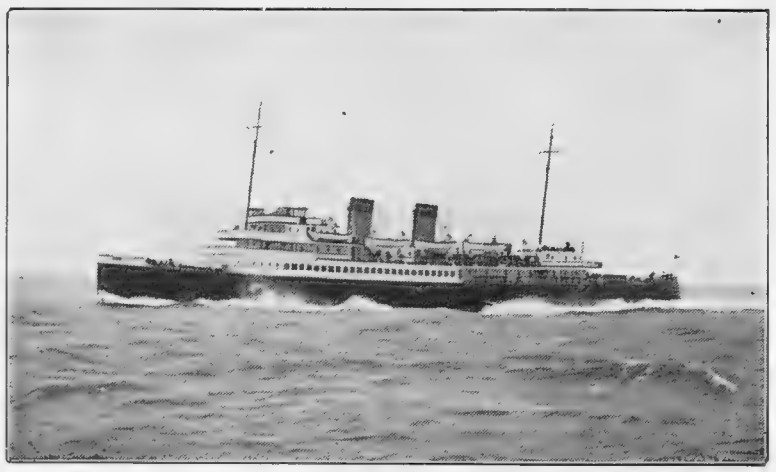

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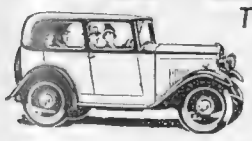

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Whitby. An old town and a new. With an historic harbour in between and the Yorkshire Moors as a background. They used to bring quantities of whales and seals in here. Captain Cook used to sail from here, adventuring for England. And gay Robin Hood used to creep in here at night and amuse the Abbey monks with displays of archery. Its stones are steeped in history.

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TO THE DRIER SIDE

NINE ROUTES TO THE CONTINENT

With the opening of the Folkestone–Dunkerque route to the Continent on Sunday, May 1, all the cross-Channel services between this country and France are now operated in conjunction with the Southern Railway.

The night service to Paris via Dunkerque, which was started in 1927, with Tilbury as the English port, forms a very convenient link between this country and the Continent, as it gives a night's rest on board the ship with a convenient rail service by day to destinations on the Continent.

By the diversion of this service via Folkestone the sea journey will be reduced by two hours, as the journey between Folkestone and Dunkerque occupies only 4¼ hours. In addition to this the passage up the Thames, which has so frequently caused delay to the service in the past, will be avoided. Arrangements have been made so that the holders of the return halves of tickets issued via Tilbury will be able to return via Folkestone without difficulty.

For the convenience of those passengers who desire a longer night's rest than that offered by the boat trains leaving Victoria at 11 p.m. and arriving at 7.40 a.m. weekdays and Sundays an advanced service will be arranged whereby passengers can leave Charing Cross at 7.15 p.m. (7.55 p.m. on Sundays) in a special portion of the train which will go down to Folkestone Pier to enable passengers to go aboard early for a good night's rest. On the inward journey a special portion (1st and 3rd class) will leave Folkestone Harbour at 7.40 a.m. with an arrival at Cannon Street at 9.40 a.m. (On Sundays, Folkstone Harbour depart 8.45 a.m., Charing Cross arrive 11.14 a.m.)

The accommodation on board is first and third class. The first-class accommodation is composed of a number of single-berth cabins, two-berth cabins, or four-berth cabins, and three *cabines de luxe*—for which extra charges are made; berths in the saloon are free of charge.

Dunkerque is the best departure point for a visit to the battlefields in the North. Such places as Ypres, Poperinghe, Mont Kemmel, and others which are gloriously inscribed in the history of the British Army are less than one hour by motor car from Dunkerque.

CHEAPER ROAD TRAVEL ON THE CONTINENT

The P.L.M. Railway announce a reduction of approximately 15 per cent. all round in the fares of their autocar services on the Riviera and in the Alps for the coming summer season as compared with last. The cost of the journey from Marseilles to Nice, for instance, will be 85 francs against 100 francs last year, and from Nice to Geneva via the Route des Alpes 340 francs against 388 francs. A copy of the programme giving full details of these services can be obtained from the London office of the company at 179, Piccadilly, W.1.

NOTES and NEWS

AMMUNITION BY AIR

Sportsmen may now take their guns into Italy by air. They may even carry ammunition with them in the aeroplane. That is the effect of a Bill which the Cabinet Council has just passed. The decision has a direct bearing on another decision—that the ibex may be shot in Italy for the last four months of this year. The charge is 10,000 lire, approximately £150 a head.

DUNKERQUE, whither a new cross-Channel route has now been established from Folkestone. Apart from its own charm, Dunkerque is the ideal port from which to visit the northern battlefields. Tickets via Tilbury are interchangeable with those via Folkestone. Hard by the port is the delightful resort of Malo les Bains, which has all the amenities that delight the traveller in France

Aerofilms

DEVONSHIRE CYDER APPLE ORCHARDS: Lord Carrington presenting the "Whiteway" Cups at a field day organized by the Devon County Agricultural Committee

THE SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO

We are indebted for the following particulars to M. Jean Le Seyeux, who has in his hands the preparations for the wonderful series of fêtes which week by week will follow one another in the setting of the new summer Monte Carlo.

There have already been water theatres on lakes or on ponds, but Monte Carlo will show the first theatre actually on the sea to be brought into being. Upon an island has been erected an illuminated scene which will be the same throughout the season, but which, thanks to its ultra-modern mechanism, will allow of all sorts of changes. To add to the display the Société des Bains de Mer has bought all the illuminated fountains from the Colonial Exhibition.

The season begins on July 1 and continues until September 15.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

There is no finer work than that of training young children to become good and useful men and women. These children are the coming generation. The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are in urgent need of help for the maintenance of the 1,100 children in their various Homes and the Training Ship *Arethusa*. Please help the Society in this great work by sending a donation to the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

When Prince George performed the ceremony of opening the new Chelmsford By-pass he was presented with a silver gilt and enamel paper knife which took the form of a dagger. This was designed and supplied by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Co., Ltd., on behalf of Messrs. W. and C. French, the contractors

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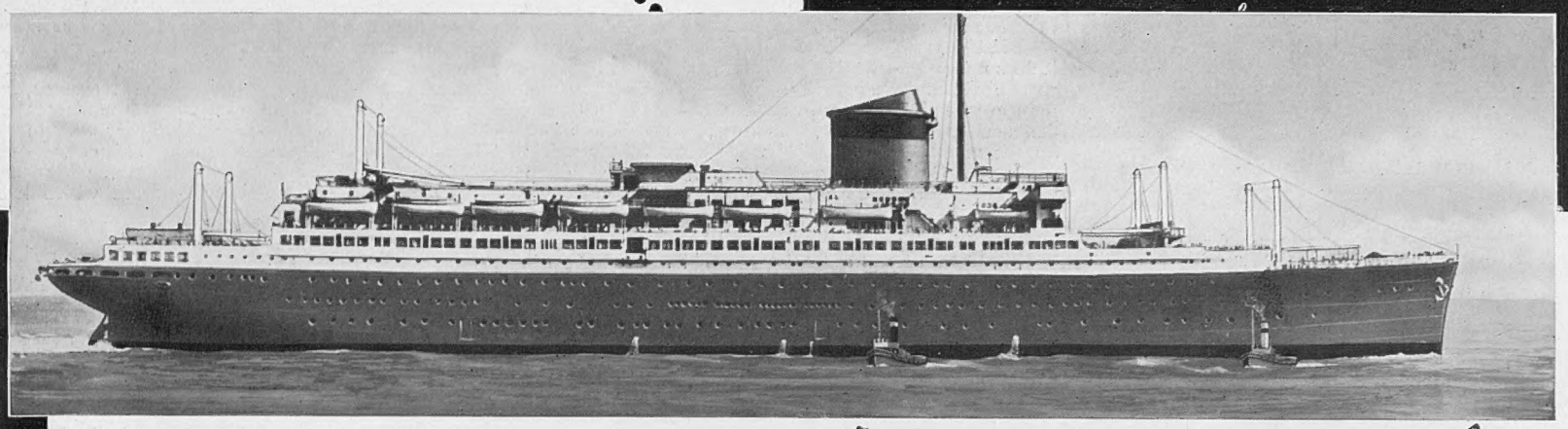

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SCOTLAND THIS YEAR

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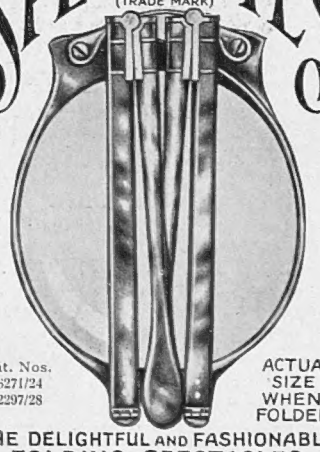

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FLUCTUATIONS of TASTE and PRICE

Revealed in the Saleroom, where the Well Authenticated Persists in Retaining its Value like Gilt-edged Securities

HIGH PRICES AT THE RAMSDEN SALE: A Chippendale walnut settee covered in *petit-point*, which fetched £787

The salerooms are extremely interesting if you can watch the fluctuations of prices over a period of time and learn to appreciate what makes real value in the saleroom. Prices for pictures vary, as we all know, by fashion, and you cannot expect the same price in every generation, but Romney's picture, "Mrs. Jordan," has certainly run up and down the scale in surprising fashion. In 1884 the portrait was sold for 700 guineas, in 1909 for 4,800 guineas, and last month for 1,600 guineas. Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Portrait of a Lady" has halved its saleroom value in twelve years—it realized 600 guineas in 1920 and reached only 300 guineas a few weeks ago.

One thing, however, seems certain, that it is unwise to part with mid-Victorian pictures, in which one's grandparents delighted, at the present moment. Pictures which adorned the walls of Burlington House, and were eagerly bought by the prosperous Yorkshire and Lancashire mill-owners at figures which would delight the artist of to-day and which were fondly thought to be an investment, are now found to be unsaleable. The sale the other day at Christie's was an astounding revelation. An enormous canvas depicting a sea-coast scene, "Smugglers Alarmed," by Sir A. W. Calcott, a good piece of painting, was sold in 1882 for £577, but two weeks ago could not raise a bid above 2 guineas! Briton Riviere's "Pallas Athene and the Herdsman's Dogs," which was purchased in 1884 for £997, obtained only 3½ guineas, and so it went on with picture after picture, the work of men who had commanded "Old Master" prices in their day. Alma Tadema used to refuse an offer of £10,000 for one of his pictures, holding out for £15,000!

But if it is sad for the vendor of this type of picture, it does not necessarily mean a real "slump" in the salerooms, as can be witnessed by the very high prices obtained for the splendid furniture at the sale of Sir John Ramsden's collection last week, which verifies the dictum that a work of art of outstanding merit always finds a fair market. A Chippendale walnut settee, covered with fine petit-point needlework, fetched £787; ten Adam mahogany armchairs, covered in red leather, realized £714; a pair of beautiful eighteenth-century needlework cushions, worked in silk, realized £367 10s., and a finely modelled bronze statue of Neptune (34½ in. high) was sold for £525.

The month of June, always a busy time in the salerooms, is to give us two particularly fine sales of furniture. The first, at Messrs. Sotheby on June 10, will show, among some very rich furniture from various sources, a remarkable Louis XVI marquetry commode by the celebrated cabinetmaker, David Röntgen. The great features of the commode are the five marquetry panels on the front and sides illustrating a scene from an Italian comedy and spectators watching it from boxes. It also has ingenious secret springs, worked by keys, the locks hidden under the decoration, by which one opening lets loose a drawer which may slide out and reveal further drawers. This commode is the property of the Grand Duke of Saxony, and is considered the finest example of Röntgen's work which has been sold by auction for many years.

Seven portraits by Raeburn, most of them unknown to the auction rooms, will form one of the great attractions of the important picture sale to be held at Messrs. Sotheby on June 9. One of the three Raeburns coming from Kinfauns Castle, the seat of the late Earl of Moray, is that of Neil Gow, the famous Scottish violinist and composer, who wrote over one hundred tunes. He is shown wearing tartan trews, playing the violin.

RAEBURN: A portrait of Neil Gow, an eighteenth century Scottish violinist, to be sold next week at Sotheby's

FRANS HALS: "The Smuggler"—which reveals all the vigour of the master—to be sold on June 9 at Sotheby's

During the coming week part of the marvellous collection of illuminated manuscripts belonging to Mr. A. Chester Beatty will be dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby to those collectors who have well-filled purses, while for the average collector there are sales of the manuscript letters of Burns, Scott, Boswell, Garrick, and Dr. Johnson; and on June 13 and 14 there is an interesting Carlyle collection, consisting of letters, books, furniture, and articles connected with Cheyne Row. It is to be hoped that the trustees of Carlyle's house will be able to purchase some of the furniture intimately connected with the two much-discussed beings who dwelt at No. 24, Cheyne Row. There is a large sofa which Jane Welsh Carlyle bought second-hand, and wrote excitedly to her husband: "I came, saw, and bought—a sofa! . . . so soon as you set eyes on it and behold its vastness, its simple greatness, you will perceive that the thought of *you* was actively at work in my choice."

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Do.	Hollywood Hotel
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Brockenhurst	Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill	Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
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Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
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Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
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Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl	Seabank Hotel
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rosslare (Ireland)	Strand Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork)	Rostrevor Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Scarborough	The Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Ventnor	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woking	Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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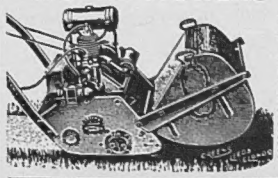

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YOU CAN'T STOP READING

this New Style Magazine

" Anything to declare."

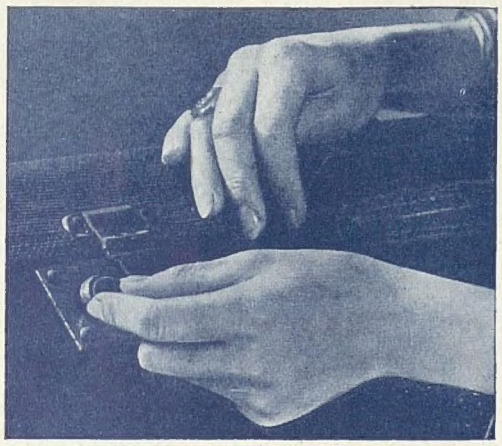
Mrs. Markham's turn had almost come. Her two suit-cases lay on the broad counter, her two suit-cases most obligingly open. She cast a quick look behind her. Good . . . . Anne Graham had gone on. They'd arranged to meet on the train. Far better so. Even before they got to Calais, the girl had started getting the jumps. . . . She was so terribly afraid the thing wouldn't get through and poor Mrs. Ellis. . . . Mrs. Markham had then spoken very firmly.

" My dear child, you'd spoil everything if you go on in this way."

Now she gripped the damp edge of the counter and straightened her shoulders, comfortably aware that not a single detail about her clothes pointed to her actual metier. A modest tweed coat, a plain felt hat. . . . Everything good and serviceable, worlds away from the shimmering ways of Paris.

" Anything to declare ? "

Mrs. Markham looked at the abrupt, tired-eyed official and smiled genially.



" No. . . . I've no other luggage," she glanced politely at the tariff list. " No, nothing to declare.'

" Only foolish people envy the great, the rich, the worldly successes. More often than not, behind their impressive and glittering facades, they are worried to death, tired out, oppressed, anxious, driven, desperately unhappy. Look at Clarence Hatry. He used to work fourteen hours a day. He did nothing but work. And to what eventual purpose did he labour and scheme and twist and turn, drive, cajole and plan ? To put himself behind bars for fourteen years ! He could have got out of the business game with something like a million pounds after rationalising the light-castings industry. But he had to go on and try to swing a £20,000,000 deal and make himself a steel king. He could have thrown in his hand when he found the market breaking, the ice cracking under him—gone broke and have done with it. What prevented him taking this course ? Vanity ! Hatry must not, could not, fail. So he committed a criminal act much as an office-boy steals from the petty-cash box, hoping and expecting to put it back when the horse comes in. But the horse did not come in—it so seldom does. During the period Hatry was functioning at full blast there was another celebrated young financier busy " playing the piano " with mergers and flotations. He had fourteen lieutenants, but from Monday to Friday he had no time to set foot to earth. It was work all the time, and rushes in trains and cars in all directions. Week-ends he got away to his great country estate. He ran the place on big business lines—bred cattle on a large scale, sold pheasants' eggs by the ten-thousand, developed a tremendous trade, held conferences of his agents and bailiffs. Then the big crash came." . . . You won't want riches when you've read " THIS CRAZY STUFF CALLED GOLD," by C. Patrick Thompson.

GIVEN AWAY with this issue *This beautiful signed portrait of* MARLENE DIETRICH

No other Magazine in the World is quite like it

The man bent down, chalk gleaming palely in his hands. Mrs. Markham's heart gave a triumphant leap—only to sink with a leaden thud. Another official came to a dead level with her still opened suit-cases, shot a keen look at them, then appraised her from head to foot and said brusquely :

" Mrs. Markham ? Kindly step this way, Madam." . . .

If you have crossed the Channel you'll find " TRIUMPH," by E. M. Almedingen, a gripping story—a comedy of the Customs in which professional pride went before the decline and fall of an old hand.

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"ARE YOU WISE ABOUT THE WEATHER" *by A. Stanley Blicq, F.R.G.S.*
"FLIGHT AND PURSUIT" *by F. Scott Fitzgerald*
"VAN DONGEN DISCOVERS THE MODERN EVE" *by William Leon Smyser*
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Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *June* 4, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.